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Garden Wise and Otherwise

“God Almighty first planted a Garden — And indeed it is the purest of humane pleasures.

It is the greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man; without which, Buildings and Palaces are but Grosse Handy-works.

And a Man shall ever see that when Ages grow to Civility and Elegancie, Men come to build Stately, sooner than to Garden Finely. As if Gardening were the Greater Perfection.”

From Sir Francis Bacon’s “*OF GARDENS*”



THE BREATH OF SPRING

Garden Wise

and Otherwise

by

Joshua Freeman Crowell

A Book For All Lovers of Gardens



Boston
Bruce Humphries, Inc.
Publishers

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Designed by C. E. Farrar

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TO
THE WEST DENNIS AND HYANNIS GARDEN CLUBS
OF
CAPE COD

*A garden is a thought of God. His rain,
His sun, will generously renew
Each graceful outline, each glowing hue,
To picture what enlarges man to entertain.
Each tree or flower is like a strain
Of lofty music wafted from the blue,
To hearts that feel but never rue
The shadows that to life remain.*

*For here God walked and left behind
His golden east and crimson west.
Now His bright beauty is enshrined
In blooms of joy. His thought caressed
Each garden moment. Here, we may find
His generous gifts of faith and rest.*

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Garden Wise

By Way of Preface

What is my favorite flower? How can I tell?
Since all varieties have cast on me a spell.
After due deliberation, and all is said and done,
I could not possibly eliminate to one:
Nor, for any reason, a dozen or a score;
I would always regret I had not added more.
I have a hundred favorites and each is best —
There really may be more — but let that matter rest.
I only hope these sketches will pleasantly amuse
The reader, perhaps inspire, at least enthuse
All garden-minded who my offerings peruse.

Exhortation

*Let us not plan the year by hours
But measure life by trees and flowers,
And, garden wise, go train a vine
And plant a spruce or fir or pine.
Then delve in peace, without a fear,
And make each year a garden year.*

The Christmas Rose *(Helleborus Niger)*

After Christmas, when we begin
a-wearying for spring,
We are grateful for the pristine
loveliness you bring.

We will protect you tenderly until
each bloom is done,
And through the year from much
ungentle wind and sun.

You are not a rose at all, yet no rose
could take your place,
Since you wait the seasons through
to say midwinter grace.

While nature holds all other flowers
in chains of sleep,
You rise in beauty and your tryst
with winter keep.

Juniper

Like many a weird beacon light
On a wild night at sea,
Are the blue, blue berries bright
On the green, green tree.

A Winter Song

Return, O Spring, and wing away
The long depressing winter day!

Return, O Spring, and once more fling
Your lovely dream of growing green!

Return, O Spring, and sweetly sing
The lilting lays of softer days!

Return, O Spring, and with you bring
The thrills of yellow daffodils!

Return, O Spring, and softly ring
The bloom-bells in the dales and dells!

Return, O Spring, the joyous thing
That Winter stole, your gentle soul!

Return, O Spring, and gayly sing
Anew your strong and eager song!

Return, O Spring, and boldly fling
Open wide the summer tide!

The English Daisy

Sometimes, while winter dallies,
I have found a round and rosy thought of spring
Arising from the cold damp earth —
“Wee tippet” Bellis blossoming.

The Return

Though Winter may impose its icy fare
And show no hurry to depart,
There is a different feeling in the air,
And Spring arises in the heart!

At once it sets our blood a-coursing
Like the rising maple sap,
And we long to shed our winter garments
As a pussy-willow does its cap.

We almost feel a gentle throbbing
Beneath the surface of the earth,
As if the flowers of bulbs were sobbing
For the ecstasy of birth.

Here and there in certain corners
Down beneath the sodden mould,
Are Daffodils in patience waiting
To lift their hearts of gold.

Every day the fens and plashes
Are adding color with a zest.
Many a Bluebird has already
Sought location for a nest.

Into the house we bring the branches
Of Forsythia and Larch,
To persuade these April blossoms
They can show themselves in March.

The buds of many trees are swelling,
The tide is running high,
The ocean is a new tale telling,
Evergreens more softly sigh!

Little hands of green are lifted
From the early Iris beds,
And already dainty Snowdrops
Are pushing up their elfin heads.

These and other signs and wonders
Suggest to us that Spring is near,
And, before we grow much older,
We'll be saying: "Spring is here!"

Spring is sure! Spring is coming!
Oh, how hard it is to wait!
With poor old Winter let's have patience,
Spring is sometimes very late!



A WINTER POEM

To the King of Evergreens

Here's a cheer for the Nordmann Fir,
The finest tree a-growing!
In winter storm and springtime stir
With beauty overflowing!

It gives to all who gaze on it,
A generous bestowing.
Tall and stately, strong and fit,
A dark, green, graceful growing!

Another cheer for the Nordmann Fir,
Sturdy, bright, and glowing,
Most majestic in the whirr
Of a light, soft snowing.

Never a season of the year
A debt to beauty owing,
Always greenly full of cheer,
A silver reflex showing.

One more cheer for the Nordmann Fir,
The finest tree a growing!
Patient, kindly: — I aver
It is a friend worth knowing!

Arabis

Flower of spring, your blooms are like
the drifts of winter gone;
Your scent foretells the honey
of a summer morn!

Snowdrop (*Galanthus*)

If I should tell of springtime
To one who had not heard,
I would call it ring time
Of forest beast and bird.

But most of all, the springtime
Is marked when they appear:
The pure white, dainty snowdrops,
Firstlings of the year.

Siberian Wallflower (*Cheiranthus*)

After Winter, with its storms and cold,
There's a sudden quickening in the mold.
Eldorado! We have discovered gold,
Cheiranthus, truly bright and bold!

When April turns with many a tear,
And every heart has primal fear,
Blazes brilliant orange near,
Cheiranthus, ever bringing cheer!

On the foggiest spell in May,
A dismal density of grey,
A burst of sunshine fills the day,
Cheiranthus blooming bright and gay!

Crown Imperial (*Fritillaria Imperialis*)

For the first fiesta of the year
Dainty snowdrops, crocuses that cheer,
And chionodaxas charmingly appear;
Fragrant hyacinths take their turn,
And tulip torches flare and burn;
Then the moment of a thousand thrills —
The bounteous blooming of the bright blue squills!
At the height of this display,
Earliest festival of the year,
Robed in regal red array,
Their royal majesties appear,
With crown imperials on their heads
Of flower gems of golds and reds,
To greet the joy time of the year
Their royal majesties appear!
To hold their court, while every evergreen
Adds tender lusters to its winter sheen,
And birds begin to trill and preen.
While arabis calls out the honey-bees
And Spring sets surging up the sap of trees
Till buds are born at every pulsing breeze.
As the burden of the wind comes soft and low
And the vibratory mystery of life is all aglow:
Then their royal majesties appear
To greet the joy time of the year.

Bleeding-Heart (*Dielytra*)

In the make up of the parcel and the part
Of each old fashioned garden, was the Bleeding-heart.
Perhaps because in the daily drama of the past,
Every love-lorn maiden to the role of bleeding heart was cast.

Crocuses at Cummaquid

Crocuses in mass!
 If you should pass
The Simpkins place
 in its hour of grace,
What can surpass
 this plot of grass?
You need to bring
 no offering,
Just pause and see
 a jubilee!

Hyacinths

If their buoyant beauty your heart has fired,
You may not need to see
 how well they grow for me.
Out of the earth they rise, es-spined,
Expectant yet complete,
 virgin white and sweet.
I wonder if the poet Virgil
When he retired to his Aegean hill,
And saw the wild, white hyacinths upspringing,
Felt, as I do now, each spring
 a rare exultant thrill!

Forsythia at Creltholme

I wonder if the Maytime dreamer knows
 One wonderful alluring sight,
How effulgently Forsythia glows
 Beneath fair Luna's pure soft light.

Silver Bells Snowdrop Tree

(Halesia)

In April, in Tryon,
The Silver Bells are bordering the dells,
In Tryon, in April.
The Violets are blue and grey,
And all the slopes the Spring display
With Judas pink and Dogwood white
In Tryon, in April.

But nothing gives us more delight
Than to roam and see the Snowdrop Tree
With its silver bells, beside the dells
In April, in Tryon.

Wallflower

(Cheiranthus)

In the old walled gardens of the nuns
Cheiranthi flourished,
By careful care and toil and prayer
were they nourished.
Now the Wallflower blooms in gardens
that we know,
But its fragrance has the charm
of long ago,
Of the old walled gardens where the nuns
went to and fro.

Carolina Jessamine (*Gelsemium*)

Yellow sweet the Jessamine blooms
Up and down the St. John's River,
Where the green palm gleams, and the gray moss glooms,
And the Spanish Bayonets quiver.
Yellow sweet the Jessamine blooms
In Charleston brooding by the sea,
Around the old, old mansions looms, and on the tombs
Of ancient aristocracy.

Yellow sweet the Jessamine blooms
From Tryon to Key West;
All those who know its bright festoons of fragrant plumes,
They are among the blest.

The sweetest Jessamine I have ever known,
With all its yellow glow,
Outside my old New England home in beauty shone
Above the March time snow.

Periwinkle or Myrtle (*Vinca*)

The leaves of the myrtle cover the ground
With glossy green beauty all the year round.

To herald the bluebird and purple finch too
It twinkles with starry periwinkle blue.

Virginia Cowslip

(Mertensia)

The breath of spring, the softening sky,
The winds that sing, the field-lark's cry,
The wealth of noon, red maple trees,
The crescent moon, — give me more of these!
Give me more of the flower that seems to be
Essence of spring, of sky and sea,
Of the glowing sky and the glamoring sea,
Give me more of spring, and more of thee,
Mertensia!

Tamarisk

(Tamarix Africana)

When jewel laden are my arms,
Tall and lithe and strong,
I'm impresario of spring,
Of bird flight and of song.

When June removes my robes of rose
And gives me green and gray,
I, like a kindly matron,
Watch the summer holiday.

Golden Alyssum

Glorious, upspread, feathered sprays
Of pure, untempered sunlike rays;
Even on the gloomiest days,
You are color's hymn of praise!

Wistaria

Loops of lavender are lacing
From above!
Drooping round me, all embracing
Flowers of love!
All the golden noon to twilight
Is betrayed,
Yellow sunlight metamorphosed
Into violet shade.

Somewhere, other love is calling,
And the flowers,
Ever fading, ever falling,
Spell the hours.

Joy is flying, joy is dying,
Joy is dead!
All the bounty, all the beauty
Of Wistaria is shed!
'Tis not the end, but the beginning,
For the wee, new shoots that twine
Are the sign
Of a larger beauty winning
In the vine.

Tufted Pansies *(Violas)*

I thought that the sky was falling,
The earth was so blue with you:
I looked up, for the sky was calling
On you to endorse its blue!

Pansy (*Viola*)

I read ineffable thoughts
In your charming faces,
Memorializing older times
And dearer places.
All the white and gold of youth
Eagering for life and truth,
Violet depths of yearning years,
Roseate dreams or clouding fears,
Bronze or lavender in the strife
Of the flowering of life,
And thronging purple memories
In lights and shadows come and go,
Hopes and joys of crowded years: —
And all we seem to feel and know,
Your wise and friendly faces show!

Blue Flax (*Linum Perenne*)

My little blue angels
Hover over and hide
In the swaying green feather-sprays,
Where they abide.
Mad wind and bad weather
Will stress them about,
But warmed by the sunshine
They will slyly peep out.

Star of Bethlehem
Johnny-jump-up Johnny-go-to-bed
(Ornithogalum Umbellatum)

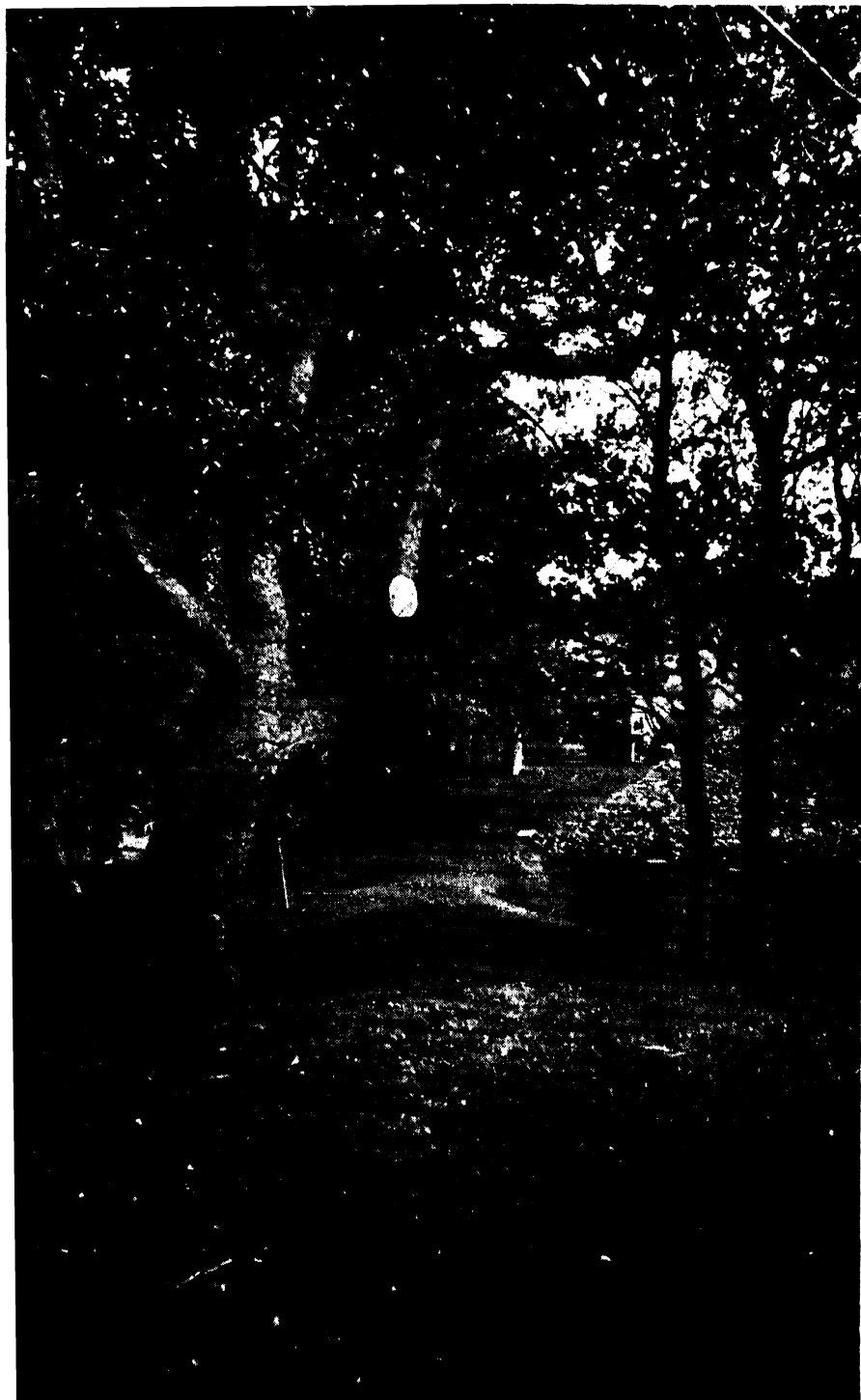
In the spring, about the time
The buttercups begin to cup,
The unexpected Johnny-jump-up
Begins his jumping up.

Almost as soon as Johnny jumps up,
He begins to nod his head,
And then each Johnny-go-to-bed
Jumps up and goes to bed!

Cornflower Bachelor Button
(Centaurea Cyanus)

A Triolet

This bachelor-button blue
Is the garden's loveliest hue!
I cannot give it its due,
This bachelor-button blue!
It seems the earth to imbue
With color eternally new.
I wish that everyone knew
This bachelor-button blue
Is the garden's loveliest hue!



DOWN THE PATH TO MIRROR POOL

Buttercups (*Ranunculae*)

The Crowfoot is sunshine to the meadow
While springtime buttercups the plain;
And the Kingcups and the Goldcups
Are yellowing road and lane.

The Persian *Ranunculae*
Are gorgeous in extreme,
And fill a sheltered corner
With colors of a dream.

But all the gold of Ophir
No greater joy can bring
Than a billion, billion buttercups
A-meadowing in spring.

Mullein Pink (*Lychnis*)

Has the old, old fashioned Mullein Pink
Gone forever? It was for years a lingering link
With the era of the Marjoram, mint and tansy bed,
Of the southernwood, which, some have said,
Would keep off faintness, if carried in the hand
And smelled from time to time. It was the land
Of nosegays, where every garden grew
The Ragged Robin and the Wandering Jew.
Catch-flies and Campions are with us yet,
As is forever the romping Bouncing Bet.
But some, if they have vanished, would be a loss,
Especially the Mullein Pink and Maltese Cross.

The Grass-pink Walk

Grandfather's house stood under the willows far down the
lane,
Sturdy and simple, of timbers brought in his schooner from
Maine.
On the South and West the fields and meadows sloped down
to the bay,
On the East were the marshes, the creek, the open sea, and
the far away.
There was the little front yard with lilacs and pinks, — I wish
once more
I could go up and down the grass-pink walk that ran to the
old front door.

Near the side of the house was the curb of the deep old
fashioned well,
The geranium and dahlia beds, and the grape-vine over the
ell.
In the early spring the place was bright with tulips tall and
red,
In the autumn sun chrysanthemums glowed and sweetly over-
head
The Madeira-vine profusely bloomed; yet my memory seems
to store
As its greatest treasure, the grass-pink walk that ran to the
old front door.

The Peach-tree garden was well enclosed by a lofty wooden
fence,
With a corner devoted to herbs and simples, pungent and
intense.
Along the south side rhubarb grew and currants red and
white,
Gooseberries green, raspberries red, and blackberries, black
as night;

With yellow lilies at the rear and roses at the fore,
A lovely spot, yet not so dear as the grass-pink walk to the
old front door.

There went along the grass-pink walk for many, many years
A varied processional of human hopes and fears.
As brides, went Mercy and Amelia beside their chosen swains,
Their children there played up and down, and slowly funeral
trains
Passed out the swinging gate. Wanderers from the West,
sailors home from sea
Came up the walk, all welcome guests, — the parson, asked
to tea; —
Alas! not all the family lore can I remember to restore
To the long ago grass-pink walk that ran to the old front
door.

To ———

Oh, lovers of a garden,
How many of you know
The manual actuality
Of making plantings grow?

How many of you looking
At a garden made,
Know the poetry of raking,
The ecstasy of weeding,
The epic of the spade?

When you are garden-conscious,
Is it mainly merely talk,
Or do you know your plants and soil
From contact close and bended toil
With mulching hoe and spading fork?

Rhodora (*Rhododendron Canadense*)

Emerson loved the Rhodora, and wrote its praise,
Thoreau well knew where it grew and all its ways.
The very mention of its name recalls Old Concord days.

Azaleas at Sandwich

From the Carolinas bringing
 their banners of the dawn, —
From Europe and the Orient
 effulgently reborn, —
With color conquering they come
 across unfriendly seas,
And find their true abiding place
 on Dexter hills and leas.

When, with a wield of magic
 from out both heart and hand,
Their master called for beauty,
 in answering his demand,
They have flamed the Sandwich hills,
 on the slopes, along the dales,
They have touched the heights with splendor
 and memorialized the vales.

Wallflower

If something of the violet, more of the unknown,
A fragrance unique, exquisitely its own,
A gift of long lost odors distilled by winter's cold,
Sweetness of Elysium in springday tips of gold.

Mountain Laurel

(Kalmia Latifolia)

In old Sandwich, near Shawme Lake,
the laurel blooms.
On Signal Mountain, over Chattanooga,
the laurel blooms.
Through all the Carolina sapphire country,
At Natural Bridge in Old Virginia,
At Harper's Ferry, and up and down
And all along the Shenandoah Valley
the laurel blooms.
In the Berkshires, and on the hillsides
Of many, many other places
the laurel blooms.
In each and all of these I would be
when the laurel blooms.

Rhododendrons

Princesses of highest lineage
Must many winterings wait,
Before the regal entering
Into their great estate.

At last, the royal princesses
Crowned, in robes of state,
For the glory of their birthright,
Hold, in June, a gorgeous fête.

Gold Star (*Bartonia Aurea*)

What a glossy face of bright yellow
For such an early wee fellow!
To match this beguiling smile
Buttercup will have to wake up!

Purple Leaf Plum (*Prunus Pissardi*)

Today, pink pearls upon a purple robe she wears;
Tomorrow, every bud will bloom a fragrant star.
Each promise of May, in summer, a jewel bears
Of purple fruit. All beautiful, her seasons are.

Kerria

Early gold! Flower of gold!
Beware that miser May,
Who has wealth of bloom untold,
And yet insists that you unfold
Your stores of gold, yes, all you hold,
Until you bloom it all away.

Pentstemon

I wonder if a magic tale this frail flowering tells
With each charming chime of its florid coral bells!

Iceland Poppy *(Papaver Nudicaule)*

An orange Iceland Poppy in my garden grew,
Always glowing sunshine through and through,
 With such unusual and compelling power,
 It stole attention from every other flower.
Its corner of the garden blazed with light,
In comparison to other blooms as day to night!
 I tried to look away, but from the corner of my eye
 I could feel it dominating garden, earth and sky!
It bloomed and bloomed, until it bloomed to death,
Perpetuating orange fire until its latest breath!
 I was not wholly sorry to have it pass away
 For now I have a chance to note each humbler display.

A Shirley Poppy

A bit of crumpled pink
Has caught upon a stem.
Such loveliness! Don't wink,
Nor speak, nor breathe, for when
The wind, with gentlest wing,
Shall touch this gem in play,
A quaint, sweet melody will spring
Into the far away!

Mirror Pool

'This is the dell envisioned, in the vale envined;
Around its mirrored heart all beauty is entwined!

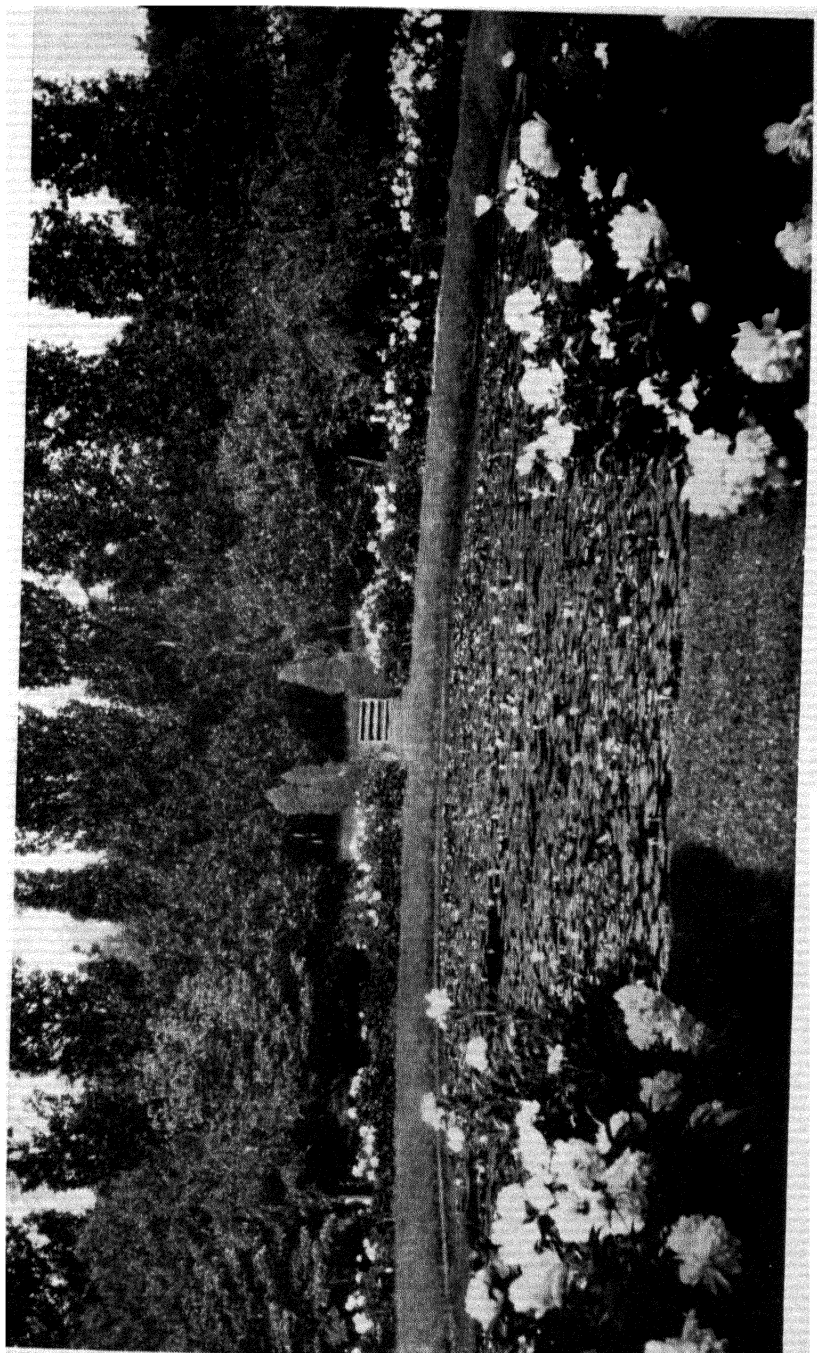
A garden ecstatic with the awakening of spring
When the graceful giant willow is brightly yellowing,
And the cherries of Japan in a cloud-like rosy glow
Are bowing to the sky above and bending to the pool below.

While the winsome crabs are budding and every hour of day
The dogwoods and magnolias their pink and white display,
The perennial processional of flowering begins,
And each in turn at Mirror Pool, its place of beauty wins.

Suddenly the snowdrops! Everywhere the squills!
Then the borders are alive with fervid daffodils!
Mertensias for gentleness, while tulips flaunt and flame,
And columbines their dainty entrancingness proclaim!

From the warming earth, beneath the blooming tree,
Rise the lilies, delphinium, and the fleur-de-lis,
Anchusa, and other flowerings of summer and of fall, —
From time to time the placid mirror receives and gives them
all!

Yet this charming dale, that magic walls enclose
With aspiring honeysuckle, wistaria and rose,
Only when the glowing glorious peonies appear,
Attains the sublimation of its garden year.



MIRROR POOL

Then does this dell, envisioned by a master mind,
Around its mirrored heart its greatest beauty find!

Although a genius planned its charm and grace,
Its perennial beauty springs like magic from the soil,
Because the gracious presiding goddess of the place
With loyal heart, applies herself to toil!

Yellow Rose

Rememberest thou, from long ago,
The wondrous gold of Ophir's glow?

Is fragrance your despairing sigh
Because the sun smites you and you die?

Dear flower, I'll whisper, ere you go,
Why, all my life, I've loved you so.

I dreamed that beauty, ere she fled,
For your fair dower her mantle shed!

Since Adam

Child, not alone in planting seed —
'Tis caring every hour.
When loving much, you will succeed
With plant and fruit and flower!

Painted Daisies

(*Pyrethrum*)

This glowing crimson daisy, that is borne aloft
With stately elegance and grace
From a feathery font of foliage,
Is the brunette of an interesting race.

There are sisters of pink, both bright and soft,
And one a true albino white.
It is not right to call them painted daisies,
For with true self tints they are alight.

Honeysuckle

(*Lonicera Japonica*)

Long since deserted, with the forest overgrown,
This was once a home with children playing on the floor,
And honeysuckle climbing by the door.
All signs of human living, of loving and of giving
Are vanished evermore, save one, the vine that bore
Its fragrance on the trellis by the door
Now meagerly is managing to twine an old decrepit pine.
This is the only shred of sweetness that is left,
After drought of summer and bitterness of winter,
Of other signs of happiness the homestead is bereft.
While this ancient vine the seasons can survive
It will be visited by the dearest mite alive;
For the wee, wise Humming-bird knows
Where all the lonely honeysuckle grows.

Hawthorn (*Craetaegus*)

Whether the hawthorns bloom in June
 or on the last of May,
They bear upon their boughs the honors
 of a perfect day.
The white spreads like a soft, sweet
 moonlight night
And pink is dawn that drives
 all clouds away,
But crimson glows with such
 intensive light,
It is a noon of splendor, or a sunset
 of delight.

Baby Blue Eyes (*Nemophila*)

Cool
As a pool of silver light,
Clear
As the tear of a child,
True
As the blue of evening sky,
Bright
As the light of dawn,
Wise
Baby eyes, baby blue eyes!

Cups of Canterbury (*Campanula*)

How came these cups of royal mien,
In pink and purple tints
Of silken sheen?
Did Jove such jewel bowls of nectar sip
But once, and cast aside?
The thoughts I reared through years of pain,
These noble outcasts now have caught
And rearranged in joy and pride,
They splendidly acclaim
The alchemy of sun and dew!
Such gorgeous furnishing fits not
The kitchen garden of my mind!
In my soul's Alhambra'd courts
This glowing show of giant gems
Shall rightly range in regal row,
To store the sweets of fantasy
And Beauty's overflow!

Wild Roses on Cape Cod

A roadside symphony!
Soft color and warm fragrance
To harmonize with blue skies,
On a theme that June
Forever tries to improvise!

Steps

Out of the earth a plant
To struggle with its foes;
To them it gives its thorns,
To me a perfect rose!

Out of the rose, for joy,
Fragrance, beauty and youth,
The essence, for those who feel,
Of life's eternal truth!

Out of the best we sense,
Is born a brighter dream;
Thus, beyond our knowing,
Shines some gift supreme!

Phacelia

Blue as the bright
Edge of the night,
Frail as the pale
Light in the dale.

These are the mild
Dreams of a child,
Storied anew
In deep bells of blue.

Lilies of the Valley

Of the Lilies-of-the-valley a great deal has been said
By Solomon and other poets, both alive and dead.
After all that I have read, and all that I have heard,
Do you wonder that I dare not add a single word?

Sweet Rocket

(Hesperis)

So tall!
So white!
So sweet!
Should June miss
Thee, Hesperis,
No year
Were quite
Complete!

White Clover

(Trifolium)

No matter how or when, wherever
it grows and blooms,
Beauty a place has won
With this, the most definitely delightful
and appropriate creation
Known beneath the sun.

Blanket Flower

(Gaillardia)

Comely, wholesome, kind am I.
If you are sad, don't pass me by.
I have a cheering, healing grace
In my smiling, broad, sunwise face!

Larkspur *(Delphinium)*

Down from the sky it fell,
A seed with a heart so true,
Only one tale it could tell,
For only one tale it knew,
But that it knew full well —
The tale of the living blue!

With stately spires the earthly delphinium rises
To its cerulean dream.
After grovelling years, it for a moment realizes
An ecstasy supreme.

For undaunted by many a night of waiting
For day to dawn,
With its tremendous surge of beauty freighting,
A star is born!

I bid the noble delphinium spires to rise
With all their might,
Proclaiming allegiance faithful to the skies
Ineffable light!

Delphinium is but a name
For a flowering so true,
That up to the sky from whence it came
With all its strength of heart and frame,
It ever must lift its blue!

Rosa

It is a holy offering,
This culture of a flower!
The rose of yesteryear I sing,
And of the present hour!

Time waited ere the rose began
Until from waste and slime,
Above the neolithic crawl,
The rose began to climb.

It flowered unheeded by the beast,
As then, so now to-day.
The man who first enjoyed its scent
Transcended common clay.

With life and growth of bloom on thorn,
Humanity keeps pace;
When the rose attains its perfect form,
So will the human race.

The minstrels of the Aryan tribes,
In civilization's dawn,
Enthroned the rose in the loftiest place,
Although they felt the thorn.

When Alexandria and Rome
Went down, destroyed by fire,
Upspringing from the smoking loam
The rose grew on the briar.

Iberia and far Cathay,
As records now disclose,
Were first to patiently distill
The attar from the rose.

Japan and other eastern isles
Transported over seas
Their dainty, decorated jars
Of petal potpourries.

The old, old English Eglantine —
The true sour-leaved sweet-briar,
Could reach and soften maiden hearts,
And poet pens inspire.

The sweet Provence, both white and red,
The Musk and China Teas,
The Bourdons and the Banksias, flowered
To please, and still can please.

Lancasters wore the red, red rose,
And all of York the white,
And England plunged in bloody wars
To find out which was right.

Thus rose became the right and badge
Of lineage and kings,
Established as the queen of flowers
Of which the poet sings.

It furnished emblems without end,
As at a death, each tear
Is gently wiped away by a rose
As it falls upon the bier.

The maiden who as Maytime queen
In England was renowned,
Was chosen for her rosiness
And with bright roses crowned.

All happiness at once belongs
Forever and a day,
To the one who pure white roses bears
Within her bride bouquet.

The thorns are ever at Satan thrust,
Yet angels hover o'er
The blossomed sweetness of the vine
Beside her cottage door.

Varieties spring out each year,
With newest tint or pose,
Yet long as any heart can love,
That love shall be a rose.

For it has come through ages gone
To bloom for now and here,
It gives to all who love it well
A promise sweet and dear.

A promise of that perfect hour
When flags of war are furled,
And the emblem of a flower
Shall humanize the world.

For life, for death, for bridal feast,
You, rose, have played your part!
Once badge of war, now pledge of peace,
O, bloom in every heart!

Anchusa

(Alkanet)

When the dainty myosotis,
On the seething springtime tossed,
In nature's welter and commotion,
Is weakly overcome and lost;
Then the gentle giant anchusa,
With a strong and sure uprise,
Will spread its arms and open wide
Its large forget-me-not blue eyes.

Golden Marguerite

(Anthemis)

Gems of gold
On grey-green!
A dancing sea
Of intensely glowing
Sunlight sheen!

Virginia Stock

(Malcomia)

It is not much to see or smell,
But it proves its simple worth
By doing what it can do well,
Gently carpeting the earth.

To a Cape Cod Garden

A garden that tall evergreens embrace,
Glorious with summer's sorcery,
Within my heart abides. The mystery
Of night has touched it, and the grace
Of morning has tinted every flower face.
Dwarf beauties with becoming modesty
Curtsy to royal dames, whose majesty
No modern modishness can quite efface.
Annual torches flame, biennial banners spread,
Perennials parade their tapestries that time
Alone can blend. When art is dead,
And peace broods not o'er any clime;
For Beauty's home, with all its powers
My memory will plant old fashioned flowers.

Candytuft (*Iberis*)

Sweet tufts of white of Candia,
Gypsies strayed from Spain,
Whose home is not Brittanica,
But all Iberia's plain.
How pleasing and adaptable
To any soil or place,
Always quite acceptable
With its artless grace,
And certainly respectable
With such an honest face.



A CAPE COD GARDEN

Hawkweed

(Hieracium)

It is wonderful to gaze upon
as it openly acclaims
Orange to the meadows
in seething fires and flames.
Intimately, a violet sweetness
it ardently proclaims,
But for the distant meadow
it spreads its fire and flames!

Gilia Capita

Up rises feathering green
Rife with mysterious puffs.
Watch! When summer summons
All the little hard heads
Overflow with lavender fluffs.

Leptosyne

Musky-pungent, clean and sweet,
Upstanding yellow crown!
A prince without renown,
Yet royally complete.

Tulip Tree (*Liriodendron*)

A beautiful sight is a Tulip Tree
With its shapely leafage
 alive
With green-blue sheen.
Useful as White-wood, but however
 can we
Remember its uses and names,
 Or material claims,
When we see it rising like an altar
 to heaven
Filled with a thousand candle flames!

Foxglove (*Digitalis*)

Once more the nodding Foxglove
Grows by the garden wall,
Showily in summer time,
Sparingly in fall.
And, as it rises proudly,
Old memories it stirs
Of years of stately beauty
By the noble Nordmann Firs.

Erisimum

(Summer Wallflower)

Hold orange to the sun,
Slender, self-poised, faithful one!
You cannot bend nor bow
Nor rest, for having taken vow,
You have no gods but one!
Slender- poised, love-lighted
Vestal unrequited,
Hold orange to the sun!

Calandrinia

Out of the dust, hot and dry,
You arise to duty.
When there are clouds across the skies,
You close your eyes;
But if old Sol pours down his rays,
You are ablaze with beauty!

Poppies

Where the Shirley blossoms blend,
All the gorgeous rainbows end!
Where the sunset fades and dies,
Morning fields of poppies rise!

Day Flower (*Commelina*)

Trailing the ground with blue,
Bright plats of cerulean blue,
Like mats of enmeshing blue butterflies,
Or bits of sky falling through
A mirror of green. If you have not seen
Commelina with the morning dew
In the glancing gleam of the rising sun, you have not won
Your flower dream of heavenly blue.

Whitlavia

In these fragile purple bells
A charming, innate mystery dwells;
With each coming of the light,
They fade to lavender, then white.
So purple passions, with a sigh,
Pale to purity and die.

Hens and Chickens (*Echiveria Seconda*)

Oh, the dickens! Look at these things,
Perking, poking all around!
Cheerful, chubby hens-and-chickens
Crowding, covering the ground!

Cosmidium

There never were joy clowns
more smiling and bold:
There never were toy crowns
more crimson and gold!
For each little toy crown
is brimming with sun,
And each little joy clown
is beaming with fun.

Annual Anchusa

When it was new,
Each tip was a bit of the green of the earth
And the blue
Of the sky. In midsummer it grew
To a great, high fountain of green, tipping and dripping
With its blue!

White Lupins

Beneath cathedraled evergreens,
Far down the long delphinium aisles,
The pearly-lighted candelabras
Upon the altar of the garden shine.

Golden Marguerites (*Anthemis*)

I have seen the mists of morning
 Rimming rose along the day,
And the pearly clouds adorning
 The festival of wind at play.

I have seen the gorgeous languor
 Of a sunset on the height,
And a tossing sea with anger
 Rise against the purpling night.

I have seen the open vistas
 Of the noble untrod plain,
And the slowly seething sunlight
 On a field of golden grain.

In the forest, on the mountain,
 In the valley or the dell,
There are moments no recounting
 Can reproduce the spell.

Among the many scenes I treasure
Where the sun shines fullest measure,
One, in my memory shall retain,
For the vision comes again, and once more greets
A far and wide wind-rippled plain
Of glowing golden marguerites.



GOLDEN MARGUERITES

Sweet Alyssum (*Koeniga*)

A misty cloud of white and green
Is sermonizing summer's theme,
From a text of seed banked under snow;
Wisdom that winter alone can know,
And only on summer can ever bestow.

Giant Sultan (*Centaurea Americana*)

Strongly tripodded upward,
Silvery-flagreed flagon of green!
Prepared for the musical reed of dawning,
I saw you, fair flagon, robed in regal mode,
Waiting, until to some expected thrill of morning,
Wonderfully you flared with white and overflowed!

Baby's Breath (*Gypsophila*)

A ripple,
 A rhythm of white,
An illusion,
 A myth,
A bright, fair confusion
 Of light!
Is it a flower,
 Or a sprite?

Japanese Bellflower

(*Platycodon*)

A nomad from Nippon,
Budding with balloons,
Delicately veined
Blue and white balloons.
Blooming cup-like stars,
Celestial star-like blooms,
Mystic avatars
Of sultry summer noons.

Water Lily

(*Nymphaea*)

A lone and lovely water-lily
Enhanced a silent pool,
Remote from the heated highway
Sequestered, fair and cool.

Only the deer to enjoy it,
Mayhap with unheeding eye,
Of a fox that lapped the water,
Or a partridge drumming by.

Yet serene in its regal beauty,
It lived to the utmost alone,
Pledged to its sacred duty
Of loveliness, all unknown.

Browallia

All over blue, blue, blue!
Beautiful, bright and true!
I'm glad you are named for your finder and lover,
The Bishop of Aboo.
The good Browallius certainly knew
He was giving the world
A treasure in you!

Milfoil

(Achillea)

Button-bits, white and pearly bright,
Why do you often dull your light,
And hold your face in dark disgrace?
Is it to hide your great delight
In living? Do not despise
Yourself from generous giving!

Calliopsis

(Dwarf Tiger Star)

Crimson, jewelled with yellow!
Or golden, splashed with brown!
Did ever a gayer wee fellow
Wear a jollier bit of a crown?

Nemesia

To every winsome shade 'tis bred,
Rose, white and straw, pale blue and red.
Tousled tints of sun and wind,
Flower delights for Jenny Lind.
I would that she were here to-day
To gather in her charming way
All these bright-enticing, gay
Color wisps for her bouquet.

Violet Cress

(Ionopsidium Acaule)

Behold the tiniest atom of a flower,
Made to grace Titania's fairy bower!
Between the stepping stones these mites will glow
Like shyly shimmering stars, and they will show
Where to step: for who so base could in the world be found
As would dare to tread on stars, upspringing from the
ground?

Dumbcane

(Dieffenbachia)

Dieffenbachia is broadly minded, is seen
growing strongly left and right,
Its generous foliage is quite irregularly green
and blotched irregularly white!

Prickly Poppy

(*Argemone*)

If you see bits of silk,
White as milk,
Impaled among the thorns;
Each is a party gown
That usually adorns
Little leprechauns.
It is sure to be a clue
To a rite last night,
An entrancing ado.
At their dance, every sprite,
Every pixie, every nixie
Was dampened with the dew.
So at the dimmest dawn
Every filmy gown was hung
To dry out in the sun.
And the while,
Every tiny fairy,
Wearing just a smile,
And feeling somewhat airy,
Up and did as she was bid
By the Queen, and each one hid
Behind the leafy sheen
Of the glossy green
Argemone.

I Know a Garden

I know a garden hidden from the street,
Where bees and butterflies are busy all the day;
A human haven, and a safe retreat
From every noisy, worldly, weary way.

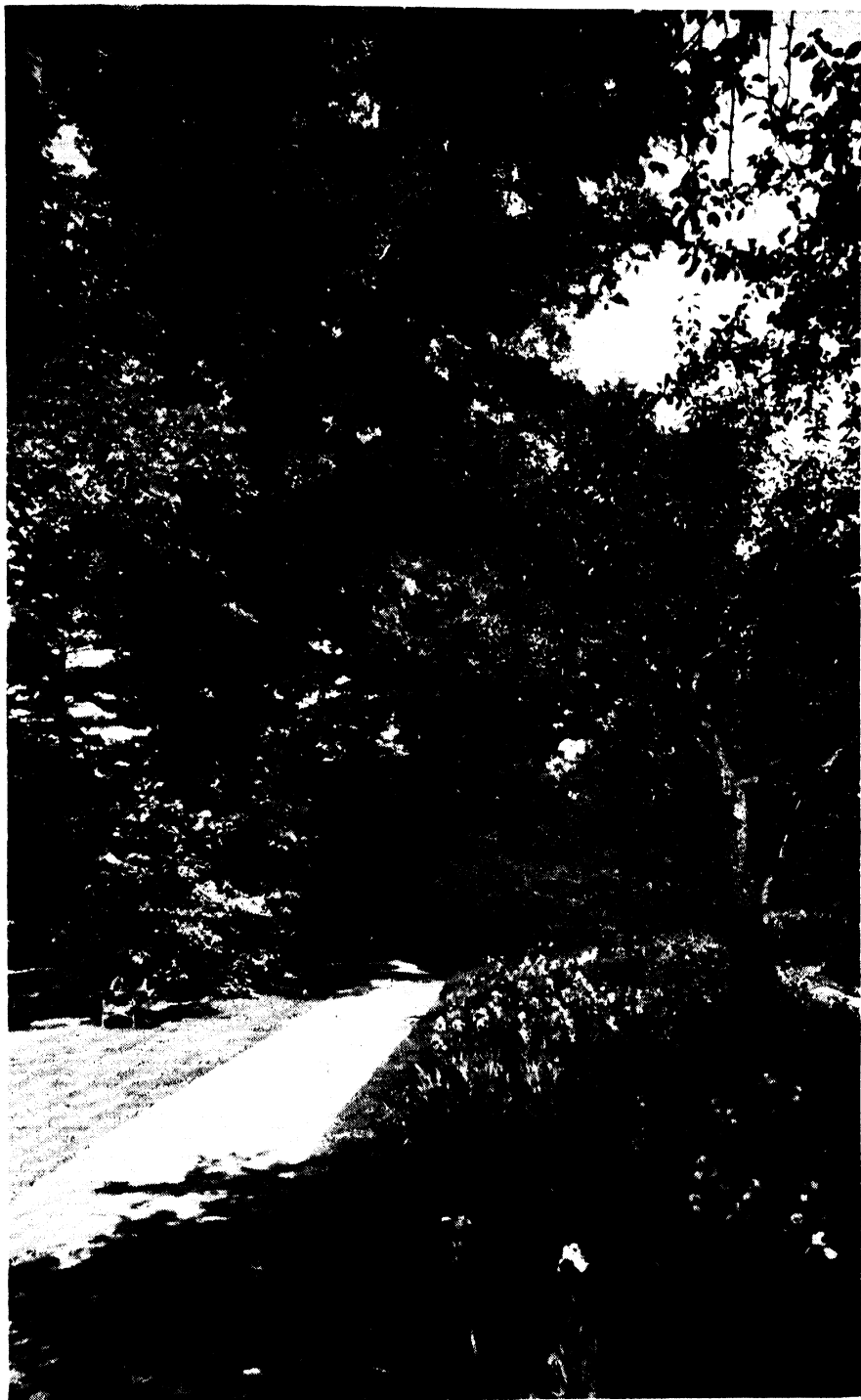
Here in the silent evening, visions of the past
Rise with the sweet odors of the flowers!
And ideals of the poets framed to last,
Are born among these peaceful bowers.

The world goes on its own mad pace,
While a new world stirs to beauty here;
A gentler, fairer, stronger race,
Whose hands are clean, whose eyes are clear.

No shame of futile conquest pushed by pride,
Or wicked wars that self-sick nations rage:
All visions here in perfect promise ride
To favored lands where love's the only gauge.

Returns translated each pure angel face
That long eluded the rough hearts of men;
In sweet simplicity and fulsome grace
Shall flower the faith but dreamed of then.

This garden has no message for the crowd,
Whose course demands sensation more and more;
But here the one who dares not speak aloud
His sacred thoughts, may rest and soar.



I KNOW A GARDEN

Bee Balm Oswego Tea

(Monardia)

Bee-balm, no harm
Or note of false alarm
Is in your crown of red,
But a glowing charm instead!

Pungent, bright Oswego Tea!
For man and bee,
Your charm, Bee-balm,
Has beauty's bounty spread!

Cleome

Attention!
Vassals of the sun!
Your time has come!
In phalanx fierce and bold
Like brave plumed knights of old,
You stand! The sun assures!
The hour, the day is yours!
All foes that show upon the field
Shall to your super-sapience yield!
Attention!
Vassals of the sun!
The battle now is done,
And without a sword or gun
The peace of beauty won!

White Petunias by Moonlight

Queen Moon, I know your land!

With a vesper candle in each hand,
A million vestals offer pure affection
To the shining Queen-of-Night's perfection!

Queen Moon, I know your land!

'Tis where sweet incense of an adoring band
Arises, while in each upturned pure white face,
A moon-dream gleams with gentlest grace!

Nasturtiums

(Tropaeolum Major)

I like Nasturtiums!

Sunny, wholesome, pungent-sweet,
With any flower of field or bower
They can compete.

They never fail to climb or trail
As we may wish;

And when one needs, the tender seeds
Are a tasty dish.

They grow and grow, and bravely show
Their sun-bright faces.

To them I raise the fullest praise
For their many graces.

Arctotis

With dainty charm and elegance
From root to petal tips,
You rise, star of the morning with perfect adorning!
If you cannot keep
Your head erect, while the lazy, hazy
August afternoon slips,
You simply grace your curls
Around your face for beauty sleep!
And when the chill of death
From other flowers their beauty clips,
Your living lavender breathes eloquence
That never was from lips!

Night Scented Stock

(Matthiola Bicornis)

This straggling, weed-like fright
 forlorn and dingy grey,
Becomes an illustrious prince at night,
 after its pauper day.
The moment of utter darkness brings
 to this lifeless seeming stem
An awakening, and aloft it flings
 a glowing diadem
That pours a wealth of fragrance
 into the waiting night,
A pungent, pulsing ecstasy
 of rich delight!

Lavender Lace Flower

(Didiscus)

Victorian this flower,
Displaying every hour
Perfect poise and breeding.
The common crowd unheeding,
In lavender and lace,
It takes distinguished place,
And only deigns to please
Exclusive bees with pedigrees.

Cloud Grass

(Agrostis Nebulosa)

A myriad of gleaming golden dots
Is floating in a dreamy mist of gold;
Like shreds of sunshine tied in tiny knots,
That drifting rifts of radiance enfold.

Balsam

(Impatiens)

The Balsams of the garden
Are generous of gorgeousness, in colors by the dozens;
But, for daintiness and charm,
Give me their wild Touch-me-not, Jewel-weed cousins!
When some distinctive flower,
Especially cherished, has pined away and perished,
The Balsams of the garden
Will fill the vacant place with colorful but awkward grace.

Snow on the Mountain (*Euphorbia Variegata*)

A toss of feathered green
Splashed with silver,
Euphorbia!

Waves across a sandbar
Flecked with foam!
Snow on the Mountain
For the festival of summer,
Euphorbia!
A charm in sheen
Of white and green,
Euphorbia!

Nolana Paradoxa

Always in its youth, Nolana,
In its own peculiar manner,
Enacts a mystic melodrama.
While we are watching the thin linear sheaves
Breaking the ground and growing apace;
Suddenly they are no more and in their place
Arises a vine with heart-fashioned leaves
Casually trailing with listless grace,
Bountifully bearing mellow blue trumpets,
Throated with yellow,
Devoted to beauty!

Snapdragon (*Antirrhinum*)

These gentle princesses in their robes of state,
It is impossible to overrate,
And their intrinsic worth to even estimate.
And whether in the garden or the coldframe made to grow,
Or in the greenhouse, they are princesses, and we know
They hold their own right royal place in every flower show.
They are always fair and good to look upon,
Of a gentle beauty, to subtle variation born,
That every tint and shade their features may adorn.

Sometimes arrayed in color deep as night,
Or soft as summer, or as pure as light;
Of each delight, I know not which to praise the most,
I commend them all, as I enumerate the host: —

Pure white and cream, buff, yellow and canary,
Pale apricot, tawny, henna, orange, cherry,
Clear flesh, pink and rose, chamois, ruddy, ruby,
Carmine and crimson, Indian, scarlet, coral,
Plum bloom, bronze and purple, mauve, maroon;
And every pastel shade, to grade from ebony to alabaster!

This is not nearly all, for every tint and shade
May be merely of itself abundantly displayed,
Or hooded, lipped, overlapped or interlaid
With every other overtint or undershade!

Mallows

(Hibiscus Roseus)

Incredible washes of white, like pastel portraits
 of waxing moons,
Contrasted with pools of ripe pomegranate, tropical
 as Mexican noons,
And soft concordant plashings of pink, fresh
 and fair as the morn:—
Such marvelous comprehensions of flowering
 to only the Mallows belong!

Astilbe Japonica Magnifica

I am always astonished when I see
 you, Astilbe,
Rearing the proud aesthetic plume,
 that, I assume,
Is your expression of a desire
 to ever higher
Lift the banner of your right
 to fullest light!

Day Lily *(Hemerocallis)*

Yellow—Hemerocallis
Orange—Hemerocallis
Double—Hemerocallis

Flava—June
Major—July
Fulva—August

We think of Dante, Beatrice and Florence
 in the month of June,
When the lemon lilies of Hemerocallis
 are in bloom.
When midsummer boasts of orange daily
 splash the plain,
We dream of the Alhambra, reared
 by the Moors of Spain.
When the tall, tawny, double blossoms
 offer their display,
We remember all the glories
 of the long ago Cathay.

Double Day Lilies *(Each year in August)*

Again the lilies of Hemerocallis
 are in bloom,
Stately, tall and tawny queens
 of afternoon,
Ruling over all the yellow, orange,
 scarlet and maroon,
Their tossing tresses overflowing
 with the burning noon.

African Lily (*Agapanthus*)

Agapanthus of the Nile,
Fair in blue,
I am Egyptian all the while
I am with you!
Golden barge, silver sail,
And a gleam
Of the Lily of the Nile,
I will dream
Of Cleopatra and her smile,
Agapanthus, all the while
I am with you!

Amazon Lily (*Eucharis*)

Lily of the Amazon,
Robed in regal white,
Proclaiming all the fragrance
Of the tropic night;
You are the Queen of lilies,
The Juno of the bower,
In all this world of blossoms
You are the perfect flower!

Lillium Brownii

Year after year it arose,
 filling the same corner space,
A velvety deep brown bell
 showing a lily white face;
Ever bestowing rich fragrance
 as its blooming season came:
Now that at last, it is dead,
 the years are never the same.

Lillium Auratum

I know no more illustrious queen
Than the lily with the golden band.
She holds the full insignia of beauty
For all her native land!
If welcomed and established
In any alien strand,
All who see will bend the knee
To her august command!

White Day Lily *(Funkia Cordata)*

Plantain Lily is orderly,
 True, composed and sweet,
In all its ways, on all its days,
 Conspicuously neat.

"Jewels of the Veldt"

(Ursinia Anethoides)

For the royal feast of summer's fun

There are many glowing cups to hold

The nectar for His Majesty, the Sun!

From all the host he seems to choose the one

Fashioned of rich orange gold,

Inner-burnished deeply with a ruby belt,

Overlaid with tiny "Jewels of the Veldt"!

Windflower

(Anemone)

The moon fills my soul

With clear flowing light;

A star lends its heart

To make mine bright.

I take my fine breeding

From good mother earth;

But the wind is my teacher

In dancing and mirth!

Chimney Bells (*Campanula Pyramidallis*)

From the earth these marvels spring
In white enchanting spells,
Till all around, above me swing
The stately Chimney-bells.

Like myriads of silver stars,
Transplanted from the night,
And ranged in rows on emerald bars,
To give the soul delight.

As twilight on the garden falls,
All sounds of striving cease;
Each Bell-of-Canterbury calls
An Angelus of peace.

Double Pink Godetia

Swathed in modest green,
Wind twisted,
Upward caparisoned
With lacy fluffs of pink;
What was formerly the humble hearted Satin-flower
Is now transformed into that exquisitely gowned
Dresden Shepherdess,
My lovely Lady Godetia!

*The
Chimney*



Bells

Garden Moments

A new creation seems arising
 at each birth-time of the morn,
When a robin, then more robins
 prophesy the day in song.

I recall a springtime wonder
 when Virginia Cowslips vie
With scyllas and violas,
 to signature the open sky.

There comes a marvel in the hedgerows
 at the honeysuckle hour,
When a tiny Ruby-throated, poising,
 darts from flower to flower.

In midsummer's moonlight garden, the blooms
 that made the noontide bright,
Are clothed in shimmering fragility,
 in the ghostly silvery light.

There is a picture of a primrose opening
 the memory would keep,
Of a tiny rose and yellow moth
 within its satin walls asleep.

If all the garden year was limited
to the measure of an hour,
I would choose to see and hear a yellow finch
untreasure one sun flower.

We know the time of twilight vespers
from twittering birds and sighing trees
And the noontide passionate praise of honey
from a billion busy bees.
We feel a multitude of moments missed
as wonderful as these.

Sometimes the garden hushes
and every ancient whispering is still,
As if the earth was waiting, listening
for the Master Gardener's will.

Rumex

"A field of sorrel is an eyesore!"
this is the farmer's cry.
To appreciate its beauty one must see it
with an artist's eye,
Spreading its transcendent depths of red
beneath the sunset sky.

Sanvitalia

Little gold buttons all over the lot,
Each a toy sun with a black sun-spot!
Little toy suns that nest on the earth!
Little gold button buds just after birth!
Tiny suns, translated to buttons, beguile
Tiny buttons that beam with a sunshiny smile!
Little buttons of gold that dropped one by one
With a buttonful of shine from the big button sun!

Leptosiphon

Tid-bits of tints,
 Gem shimmer and gloss;
Tiny poppies, like stars,
 Enamelled in moss!
If the queen of the fairies
 Should throne in this place,
These tint-bits would furnish her
 Tinsel and lace!

Sweet Sultan (*Centaurea Imperialis*)

White Ottoman cushions abloom are these,
With harem honey for Sultan bees.

Blue and White Viscaria

Little moons,
Many moons,
White moons
And blue:
A thousand score
And more, and more!
Can I be dreaming true?
In the garden,
In the daytime,
Pulsing white
And blue;
I see full moons
Of dainty blooms.
I must be dreaming true.

Satin Flower

(Salpiglossis)

All spangled in gold,
In gay colored dresses,
Bright revels you hold,
All spangled in gold!
The swain must be bold
Who would pay you addresses,
All spangled in gold,
In gay colored dresses!

Japanese Olive (*Elaeagnus Longipes*)

In late winter, its twigs and buds
 have little gold dots all over.
In real spring, its tiny sweet flowers
 have little gold dots all over.
Just after midsummer, the crimson fruit
 is dotted with gold all over.
And always the leaves from spring to fall
 are spotted with gold all over.
As if the industrious Japanese
Were forever dotting and spotting these all over.

Zinnias

I like Zinnias, but they never seem
 to touch my heart.
I am pleased that in the garden so well
 they play their part.
I am delighted with their agreeable
 and sturdy cheer.
I feel that they are wonderful, yet
 never simply dear.
I like Zinnias and their merry colors,
 bright as bright can be.
I am very fond of Zinnias, yet, somehow,
 they are speechless to me.

Plume Celosia

Celosia! Featherings of flame!
Beside your crested glow
Pigments of art are tame!
The brightest flowerings we know,
The foliage of autumn's show,
The bird of tropic fame,
All art put to shame
By your vivid glow!

The temple of Solomon
Is nothing but a name;
Of the glory of the Aztecs,
Only hints remain;
Colorful courts of China,
Of many a Persian reign:
All memories of shadows
Beside your living flame!

Summer Hyacinth (*Galtonia*)

In the midst of midsummer's
frivolity and sport,
The White Queen *Galtonia*
holds her royal court.
Her ladies cluster round her
by the garden wall,
Belles of the flower kingdom,
dignified and tall.

Tagetes

(Miniature Marigold)

Stars of the morning
In greenery tethered,
The border adorning!
Tagetes! Tagetes!
With pleasure unmeasured
Your quaintness I've treasured!
I'm down on my knees
To you, Tagetes!

Lantana

These orange flame-fired exotics,
touched with a sadder, shadowy tint,
Of the gorgeous but treacherous tropics
seem wistfully ever to hint;
As if, while endeavoring to offer their best,
they ever had vain regrets
For a land with the utmost sunshine blest,
and neighbors like lizards and paroquets.

Gaura

 k edged sails of white,
Poised for aeroflight!
 Like tethered butterflies,
 They never can arise.
Yet eagering upward from the earth,
In spite of stemlets holding tight,
 Each tiny bloom may realize
A little more of light.

Hunnemannia

Drink from these tall-stemmed, yellow cups
The clear, calm light of a cool twilight.
This nectar is beauty, fair, pure, and clean,
A taste uncloying and serene.

Blue Salvia

(Farinaceae)

Such a stately, glowing, regal spray,
 I cannot pick for any merely pretty Miss;
But should a Queen, in sumptuous court array
 Seek flower sceptre, I'll give her this.

Portulacca

The drab earth spaciouly is spread
With carpets prismatic from Bagdad,
Egypt, Afghanistan and Spain,
As King Sol holds chromatic high carnival.
Unused to such an ultra mad mêlée,
The garden gasps at the garish glories
Of clashing kaleidoscopic cups
Filled with the splendor of crude joy,
Fitted to feast a fiesta of fiery footed pixies
Intoxicated with color, jazzing to the sun!

Four-O-Clock

(Mirabilis)

'Tis Four-o-clock! 'Tis Four-o-clock!
The sundial's always true,
And all the buds are opening now
Of the Marvel-of-Peru.
Each bud at Three is tightly closed
As with a prison lock,
The petals cannot be disclosed
Until quite Four-o-clock.
The trumpets open on the hour,
Crimson, yellow, pied and white,
Moth-lures pouring perfume's power
Through the mellow summer night.

Messages from My Garden

From my garden in the morning,
Comes the rustle of the corn;
Falls the pollen from the tassels
When the silken ears are born;
And I hear the harvest whisper: —
"I grow larger night and day,
For the starving and the needy,
Near at hand or far away."

From my garden in the morning,
Smile the roses red and white;
Lures the honeysuckle sweetness,
Errant humming birds in flight;
And I hear soft voices calling; —
"Come and worship, here and now,
While the God who gives you beauty
Seals this peace upon your brow!"

From my garden in the morning,
Where the spruces dark and high
Hold their fingers up to heaven,
I can hear a murmuring sigh; —
"Stand we, garden guardians faithful,
While all seasons we employ
To be ever green and graceful,
For the increase of your joy."



GARDEN MOMENTS

In my garden in the morning,
When the birds are on the wing,
Thoughts with peace and plenty laden,
Messages so cheering bring; —
"Winter cannot change the prospect;
Always joy will follow strife!"
So my garden in the morning,
Sings to me the song of life!

For Flora's Evening Stroll

I've asked the fireflies for their glows,
As long this path she tipsy-toes;
I've dared the dew to keep away,
Till after she has passed this way,
Along the hedge-rose rows!

This life is like an April day; a little rain,
A little sun:
And while we work, or while we play, we feel full
Hopes
Of joys to come!

Little maiden, would you know
All the message of a flower;
Tend it, love it, watch it grow
In sunshine and in shower!

Love-in-a-Mist

(Nigella)

Cupid was lost in the rain,
Had the road to Olympus missed;
He fell, but rose again and again,
Yet Morpheus he could not resist.

They found him asleep in the grass,
His cheeks by raindrops kissed;
They bore him aloft to Elysium, alas,
Poor little Love-in-a-Mist!

That all might remember his face,
And his beauty forever persist,
The gods gave a flower, that with daintiest grace
Tells of little lost Love-in-a-Mist!

Cypress Vine

(Quamoclit)

A thousand red, red trumpets,
from morn till day is done,
Are fanfaring and declaring
allegiance to the sun.
A music not for humans,
yet we know the sun can hear
And has returned felicitations,
when his gifts of seeds appear!

Canary-Bird Flower *(Tropaeolum Peregrinum)*

It perches on a tender spray!
It poises and begins to sway!
Fly away, Canary-bird! Fly away!
 Why linger and repine?
 You are free!
 Ah, I see!
 Firmly held by parent vine,
Here you have your little day,
In your birthplace you must stay!
Canary-bird, you can never fly away!

Bryonopsis

All summer long, you upward flow,
 into a verdant dream,
And little knots of yellow show
Here and there, that faintly glow
 like elf lights on a stream!

As summer days full quickly go,
 they linger for a gleam
Of dainty little gourds that grow
To travelling kits all packed to show
 the highway to a dream!

Heavenly Blue Ipomoea

Long have we waited, waited for you,
 Until with one glad cry,
We have known delight as new
As creation's first born blue
 In Eden's morning sky!

Moonflower *(Calonyction)*

Pagodas of silvery light
 are enmeshed in jade-like shadows,
 while the monocle moon
 placidates the earthways.
Mists, in little wisps of weariness,
 torment the blue to violet
 and orchidize the night.
This is the fragrant motive hour
 of the enchanting lunar flower.

Cobaea Scandens

Cobaea vined and twined and greatly grew,
 As all the long, long summer, it upped and upped.
And just before the gales of winter blew,
 Purpling generously, it cupped and cupped!

Scarlet Runner Bean

(*Phaseolus*)

On sultry nights,
With rapid, unheard footsteps,
Occur the untaught flights
Of the green robed lasses.
Upward they climb
In clinging masses,
And twine their winding arms
For still higher reaches.
The dew coolly alarms
The boisterous wind beseeches,
But the vines unheedingly aspire
And never tire,
For they ardently desire
To rise ever, ever higher!

At the first fire
Of the sun, each one,
Remembering its worth
And royal manners,
Spreads its deep rich scarlet banners.
The approving sun smiles at the earth,
Thus christening at its birth
Each mottled bean of purple mien.
So one cycle of the scarlet runner
Ends with the passing of summer.

Egyptian Bean (*Dolichos*)

That the *Dolichos* is ancient
no culturist denies,
Who has ever watched it
climb toward the skies,
While it filled with purple
Egyptian butterflies!

Melothria Punctata Pilogyne Suavis Zehneria

In name, *Melothria Punctata*
Is something of a martyr.
To be a vine and climb and twine
Would certainly agree with any *Cucurbiticeae*;
And in no way make it feel inferior
To be classified by some as *Zehneria*.
It never mattered much to it, that, for a time,
To horticulturists it was a *Pilogyne*.
The *Suavis* I have purposely omitted,
And other dubbings are not here permitted.
If, on its name, the wise cannot agree,
I certainly consider it is left to me.
So, its beauty and its fragrance
I always will acclaim,
And questioned, call it: "Musk-vine,"
By its common name.

Ampelopsis *(Heterophylla)*

How these attractive turquoise berries
showily shine
Above the deeply lobed and lustrous leafage
of the ampelopsis vine!
They cluster like diminutive waxy eyes
of porcelain blue
Moulded from vivid Venetian skies,
fragmented through
The processes of time and space
to find congenial resting place
Upon the sunset-tinted foliage
of the ampelopsis vine,
Where they repose as turquoise jewels,
cool and crystalline.

Celastrus *(Bitter Sweet)*

To see it sprawl
All over the wall,
In the later fall,
Is to be held in thrall
By its show of seed
In jewel-like clusters,
And to take due heed
How aptly it musters
Its garish, glowing gushes
Of tawny and orange
To a meritorious meed.

Fleece Vine *(Polygonum Auberti)*

The Fleece-vine rises, loops and laces
Over crevices, and covers spaces
Gracefully, gently, with a touch so light,
It never obtrudes, and barely is seen,
Until its tiny tossing tendrils of green
Become drooping, bright pennants of white.

The Fleece-vine wanders, and ever it finds
New footholds, while week after week it binds
Waving festoons and flourishes banners of light.
'Tis a fountain of beauty in the rain and the mist,
A rosy cloud by the noon sun kissed,
And under the moon a wraith of the night.

After the frost, its seed-chains and curls
Are creamy opalesque strings of pearls.
When winter has touched with a zero blight,
Wrought with uttermost beauty and grace
In elaborate ice-crystalled patterns of lace,
It fills out its year as a constant delight.

Collinsia

The memory of Z. Collins to revere,
These fascinating annuals appear,
And rivalling the spectrum, are displayed
In many an attractive tint and shade.



VINE CLAD PATH

Marigold

(Variety Josephine)

Josephine, of the French,
 Holds her court every day.
Never abating, Ladies-in-waiting
Spread their gowns of golds and browns
 In a truly regal way.
Poised, unruffled, quite correct,
 How can they hold themselves so well?
Is it character or color scheme,
Or discipline of shine and sheen?
 Only Josephine can tell.

Madeira Vine

(Boussingantia)

Do you remember the cedar wood trellis
 along the ell and over the door
That always stood open at the old folk's home
 with the noon mark cut in the floor?
Do you remember our dear Aunt Mary's
 bright black eyes and curly hair?
She would loop and twine the Madeira Vine
 on the trellis as she stood on a chair.
Then she sat like a queen in that shimmering shade
 all the long late afternoon,
While the vine poured forth a wonderful fragrance
 from its multitudinous bloom.

Pinks

(*Dianthus*)

From the sunrise to the sunset
 The precious seed has blown,
From India and China,
 To find a western home.
Profusely in our gardens,
 With sunrise tints they glow,
While some have felt the sunset,
 And deeper shadows know.
With rose and mauve and salmon,
 One the purest white,
Single, double, deepest red,
 With fringes of the night.
Midnight, Fireball, Lucifer,
 Vesuvius as well, —
All have depths of character,
 Names can never tell.

The Pilgrims brought from Europe
 The pink they called "The Clove,"
Which, long before, the Latins cherished
 As the "Flower of Jove."

Sweet William came from China
 Via Russia, and with ease
Took all of Europe to itself,
 From the Pole to the Pyrenees.
In spite of careless treatment,
 Or winter winds and cold,
It thrives in peace and plenty
 And blooms a thousand fold.

Sun Lovers

Sunflowers (Helianthus Annuus)

Yellow and yellow and yellow
For the only sun!
Waiting patiently the long dark night
To meet the dawn with a face so bright
Swain sun must love it with all his might!
When day is done,
Its yellow is cherished and turned away
For the loving sun
Of another day.

Hybrid Sunflowers

(Helianthus Purpureus)

Lemon and claret, maroon and red,
For the only sun!
Shadowy, somber, or gay, bright faces
Also await the sun's embraces: —
Sunflower brides of tropical races,
Living, each one,
In hope its own beauty will a moment beguile
The rover-like sun
To a lover-like smile!

Orange Sunflowers *(Heliopsis)*

Gold and orange, and orange and gold
For the only sun!
Pulsing of tubers deep in the earth,
Throbbing of leaves at each bud's birth,
Vying with sunshine to prove its worth,
Heliopsis has won!
Every year it puts forth in perennial gold
To the wooing sun
A new story told!

The Sunflowers' Great Grandchild *(Sanvitalia)*

Little gold, little gold, little gold,
For the only sun!
Each sanvitalia looks up such a lot
At great grandfather sun, so high and so hot,
In the midst of its gold is a tiny burnt spot!
Little gold, each one
A humble adorer, so the smiling grace
Of great grandfather sun
Reflects in its face.

African Daisy (*Dimorphotheca*)

The hard-glossed burning sunshine
 of the veldt
Reflects from this intense
 bright orange face.
Of dark, dank wood or watered plain
 or boggy place,
Or wild, untravelled, sheltered nook,
 there's not a hint
Or trace, but boldly, like a warrior
 of the sun,
Though trapped by man, this Nomad
 of a desert race,
Transported to an alien land
 unfolds and glows
With pent-up fires of grace!

Blazing Star (*Liatris*)

Purple pomp and panoply!
The king of fall has come!

White Physostegias

There are days when Physostegias
Give the garden purest white,
Each one spiring and aspiring
To a stately columned height;
A dream of Chineses pillared
And pagoda'd night.
Disdaining softness, grace and perfume,
Sternly square, and all upright,
Without gentleness or pity,
But intensely alight,
Like an alabaster city
With mystic radiance bright,
Physostegia arises
White and white and white!

Swan River Daisy (*Brachycome*)

Dotting the border in blue, pink and white,
Each individual an exquisite mite!
It cannot be noble, stately or tall,
Only delectably, delightfully small,
Like tiny tints torn from the rainbow's hem,
Or bits of the Milky Way, each set as a gem
In a darling, diminuendo diadem.

A Moonlight Garden

I dream a garden, most wonderful at night
Beneath the ancient stars or Luna's fulling light,
With a fluent flowering, radiantly white.

To spring, above the borders of arabis, will bloom
Ivory hyacinths and waxy tulips that assume
Fantasies, while above, magnolias mysteriously loom.

In turn, poeticus and iris their lustrous lights disclose,
And from the pearly lilacs, a subtle sweetness flows
To the corner where the stately columned lupin grows.

I find a fairy foreland in a lily-of-the-valley bed,
And clouds of shimmering beauty ere the plum blossoms shed,
And hawthorn and syringa nights, to which my steps are led.

Banks of snowy pinks, and soft sweet rockets teem
With loveliness, while fragrant chalices of lilies gleam
Beneath a thousand "silver moons", the roses of a dream.

Behold a radiant rhododendron standing like a bride!
For the moment, all other claims must stand aside,
For enchantment fills the night to fullest tide.

Fields of billowing daisies! A gleaming orchard slope
With white apple blossoms laden! Cloudland cannot cope
With such resplendent beauty and its prophetic hope.

Who can forget the massing peonies, a glorious sight,
Though now petunias have spread their urns of white,
And their scent and substance glorify the night.

Canterbury chimney bells are like the jewelled stars,
And moonflowers lift to heaven their nightly avatars,
While the splendor of their whiteness nothing mars.

Then aster, nicotiana and cosmos feathering tall,
Silvering chrysanthemums against the garden wall,
Clematis and lace vine brooding cloud-like over all!

I dream the summer processional of flowering white
From April to November; after that, each snowy night
I realize the evergreens are blooming their delight.

Eulalia Zabrina

This grass alone, of all plants known,
Builds bars of white across its leaves,
Which surely shows that, as it grows,
At intervals it meets disease;
But nobly striving to arise,
It toils and towers toward the skies,
And as a result, in Fall assumes
Panoplies of princely plumes.



THE EVERGREENS ARE BLOOMING THEIR DELIGHT

Torenia

Little maids from China,
Purple, prim, precise!
Every day,
Bright or grey,
In every way
Absolutely nice.

Little maids from China,
Charming, quaint, erect!
Every hour,
In field or bower,
Sun or shower,
Convincingly correct.

Little maids from China,
Dainty, calm and wise!
They delight;
The very sight
Of them quite
Fills one with surprise.

Navelwort (*Omphalodes*)

A graceful, green-grey,
felicitous white spray;
Like sea jewels kissed
by a fountain of mist.

Salmon Pink

(Phlox Drummondii)

(Of a strain selected by the late Maurice Fuld)

Pinker than the pink of roses,
Brighter than the blossoms of the peach,
Purer than that pink, the Pink itself discloses,
All flowers that would be pink
 this strain of Phlox can teach!

Lobelia

(Compacta)

You are so small,
I cannot measure you at all!
You are so bright,
You almost dazzle my sight!
You are so blue,
I can hardly believe you are true!

Rhodanthe

(Manglesi)

In color and form, they have sprung
From the earth like tiny pink roses!
Unlike the roses, they never fade
If carefully gathered when young,
And tenderly made into posies,
Then hung to dry in the shade.

Buddleia (*Butterfly Bush*)

In truth, I never think of lilacs
With your blooms against the wall,
But every tassel brings a dream
That builds a castle,
Mediaeval, turreted and tall!

Ageratum (*Floss Flower*)

Little lavender cushions,
Soft to the eye,
And cool to the cheek.
In this gusto of summer,
Your quiet companionship
Is just what I seek!

Downingia (Named for A. J. Downing, Father of Horticulture in U. S.)

Of all the dainty flowers he knew,
He thought there was no lovelier blue;
So, to perpetuate his fame,
Downingia shall be your name!
At those, who, wrongly, you have called
Clintonia, I am appalled!

Nycterinia (*Zaluzianskia*)

Twilight! Starlight!
Moon light as day!
 While the dew is falling,
 Nectar scents are calling
Night-moths far away!

Tiny purple torches
Open stars of white;
 While the moon is soaring,
 Mystic sweets they're pouring
Into the night!

Starlight! Moonlight!
Dawn-light of day!
 With exquisite yearning
 Of fragrance, they're burning
Their white souls away!

Flora's Paint Brush (*Cacalia*)

Tell me, flower bright and quaint,
How did Flora mix your paint?
Did she wash your face in dew,
While you nodded in your bed,
So that when the sun awaked you,
You could blush a brilliant red?

Heliotrope

Here is fresh fragrance fairing of the morn,
Distilled from nebulous stars of nascent night,
Touched with the charm of the ineffable light
That transforms the super-moment of the dawn:
As if accumulated nectars of ages gone
Had assembled in a sweetness of supernal might
From universes, from departed eons, for the rite
Of the glamorous blooming of this gentle flower, lowly born.

More compelling than the sweetnesses that adorn
Deep red roses or lilies cool and white,
More inviting than the clover honey drawn
By bees, in their summer summit of delight;
This is the sacred odor for the sense, withdrawn
Into its lonely, lofty mountain height.

Basil

(Ocimum)

'Tis strange to think this aromatic plant
that in my garden grew,
Confucius, Elizabeth of England
and Theophrastus knew.
The scent of basil has been renowned
in paintings, stories, songs;
Yet, only to the ages gone forever,
it properly belongs.

Ice Plant (*Mesembryanthemum*)

The succulent *Mesembryanthemum*
 revels in midsummer's sun,
Its blooms are quite conspicuously gay;
 we praise it not so much for that display
As for its stems and leaves so crisp
 and crystalline,
A salad exceptional, on which
 a duke might dine.
More icily crumbled,
 more delectable to eat,
The more intolerable
 and tropical the heat!

Cynoglossum (*Chinese Forget-me-not*)

Cynoglossum, with your way we must surely be content,
For in true-blue, aspiring bloom, your day is spent
For our pleasure. Chinese or other matters not,
In fullest measure you give, forget-me-not.
In spite of wind or shadow, drought or storm,
You carry on, and dying, true to form,
Your fruit, in certain emulation of the tick,
Will affectionately attach itself and stick!
Though you are gone, your seed, its mission to fulfill,
Commends the memory of you to us still!

Pimpernel (*Anagallis*)

I wonder why, when tame,
You are the same in name,
Yet, like a purse-proud dame,
All usefulness disclaim?

And why, when wild, my lass,
Half hidden in the grass,
Are you, as changes pass,
The poor-man's weather glass?

What makes you weather-wise,
Bright faced for sunny skies,
Yet approaching storms apprise
By shutting up your eyes?

My wee wild pimpernel,
Winsome waif, how well
You weave a charming spell
Around each tale you tell.

Rosette-Mullein (*Ramodia*)

"Borage leaves, with blue bear's ears,"
In many a real rock-garden appears.
It is honest as day and old as the sun,
And blooms from May till summer is done.

(*Althaea*)

I watch them rise to greet each day
with higher bloom,
And to my soul they point the way
it may assume; —
Only those can win whose sense of duty
shall inspire
The holding of the cup of beauty
ever higher.

(*Sand Verbena*)

Abronia was my mother's flower.
Year after year it grew in her tiny garden,
Trailing its rosy-lilac, verbena-like blossoms
Over the sand and dispensing its fruity fragrance
from June to October.

Other mothers preferred geraniums or fuchsias,
Nasturtiums, petunias, dahlias or sweet-peas.
My mother had these sometimes and roses too,
but always Abronia.

Faithful Abronia! Flowering for her honestly
With the best it could! It is the one flower
That I associate with her sweet face
and gentle hands.



HOLLYHOCKS

Fairy Lilies

(*Zephyranthes*)

In May, our dear old cousin used to say:
"I put my fairy lilies in the sun to-day!"

In June, as we were calling in the afternoon:
"My pretty little fairy lilies are in bloom!"

In Fall: "I put my lilies near the cellar wall,
There to sleep till Spring shall give its call."

So years and years. At last there came the day
When the dear old fairy lily lady went away.

I never see the fair pink blossoms more,
I hope they bloom for her inside the Golden Door.

Fuchsia

The two old darlings, Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Mary,
flourished in the formal Fuchsia age,
When side curls, earrings, parasols
and crinoline were all the rage.
When the passion for feminine adornment
only Godey's Lady's Book could sufficiently assuage,
To see a Fuchsia now is to remember Barnum
leading Jenny Lind upon the stage,
Or Queen Victoria of England passing
in her royal equipage.
So, as the quaint formality that's past
can no more our youth engage,
Fuchsia, you must not still prolong the time
forever gone. Turn the page.

Star-of-Bethlehem

(*Ornithogalum*)

On a winter evening of shining stars,
 Long years ago,
Across the fields and through the bars
Came kind Aunt Abbie, when her work was done,
 Over the snow;
Under her arm a good fat fowl, and just for fun
She had written a poem, tucked under its wing,
 To let us know
The joy of her heart in its offering.

The years are gone and her life is done,
An eager, full, unselfish one,
 The roses blow,
 The lilies glow,
The winter-greens toss their blossoms of snow,
The gardens of spring and summer bestow
A choice of the loveliest bloomings we know;
But for kind Aunt Abbie the only flower
Is *Ornithogalum*, stars in a shower,
Stars in a cluster, bright for her crown,
The little white stars of Bethlehem Town!

Three Moons

There is a land of large delight,
Where giftful gardens grow;
There Flora wanders in the light
Of three moons in a row!

Oh, let me come into this land,
Some time when day is gone,
While ecstasy is close at hand,
Between the dew and dawn!

Moon in the sky above, so wise!
Moon mirrored in the lake!
Moon paradised in Flora's eyes!
Let me her heart awake!

Growth

My home grew in a garden,
Akin to trees and flowers,
And my high hopes have blossomed
Among life's fragrant bowers!

My heart grew in a garden
Of human love and peace,
And now my faith knows beauty's
Perennial increase!

Dahlia

*All hail the single dahlia! The double was a pity!
It seemed so bee confusing; a monstrous petal city!
For all who circumnavigate the globe to seek
Something distinctive, yet beautiful, something unique,
I advise Cape Cod anent a garden that I know
Filled to overflowing with single dahlias, white as snow,
With a nobility of growth and a captivating grace,
As if the moon had sought reflection in every flower face
And found in full perfection, complete abiding place.
These beauties have a lofty place in the race of dahlias won,
Ivory petalled by the moon, golden centered by the sun!
My friend has hundreds of them and loves them, every one!*

Dahlia Development

Aunt Mary had the giant doubles,
 purple, white and rose,
Then the pompons, every shade,
 in rows and rows and rows.
Once I thought the cactus type
 was all my garden needed;
After that the collarettes
 from roots in patience seeded.
Now single dwarfs bring great delight,
 I give the palm to them
And out of many captivators
 will pick the Coltness Gem.

Verbascum

(Mullein)

In the background, tall, remote,
These are English Lords of note!
Stately, showing all their pedigree, —
Yet I know you will agree with me,
Though everblooming, full of cheer,
They are not so noble, near.
Then put them almost out of sight
Where they can lord with all their might,
And their perfections will appear!

Veronica

(Speedwell)

Colonial matrons
In lavender gowns,
In state are waiting
On late afternoons,
Are waiting mornings, noons
And late afternoons.
In cool disdain
Of sun and rain,
In state are waiting,
In violet crinoline
With lace festoons.

Prince's Feather

(Amaranthus) Joseph's Coat

I build a tower
 of deep maroon!
With my brothers in the fall
I may deign to build a wall!
 I do not care
For the many colored coat I wear;
That, in due time, I shall decide
 to cast aside,
For my truly noble plume
 is all my pride!
As summer wanes, I can abide
My cross-pied coat no longer,
And I drop it by my side!
With infinite pains
 I build my tower,
And from its summit, lift my plume
 With all my power!

Nicotiana

(Tobacco)

In the languorous ease of a soft summer night,
 Comes the Nicotiana's white hour of birth
Into fragrance! To all a wonder and delight,
 Except to the over-cigaretted ones of the earth,
Who regard Tobacco's flowering as a joke,
 Its dead leaves only they adore, glowing into smoke!

Bocconia *(Plume Poppy)*

Shirley Poppy, this is certainly amazing!
Is it possible upon your cousin I am gazing?
This heroic growth of statue, regal, bold,
Leaved with glossy green and tasseled high
With plumes of bronze and gold
That beckon to the sky?
Your relative is more like stately Meadow-rue,
Fragile Shirley Poppy, than it is like you!

Schizanthus

This delicate spray
Is not for display;
It never pretends
 To be orchid or rose,
But to its friends
 Does willingly disclose
How such a timid plant can bravely grow
 Its one great ambition to realize —
That in one flowering it may show
 A thousand tiny butterflies!

Helenium

Oh, tangled, tawny, golden blooms,
 named for Helen of Troy,
You are the flowering feat of Autumn,
 its marvel and its joy!

Here in New England, we shall be nearer,
 nearer the Millenium,
When we can know as well as show
 the rapture of Helenium!

Honesty

(Lunaria) Peter's Pence

Time was I knew the sun,
And felt the hour of noon;
Now I frailly span the night,
Pale shadow of the moon.
It may not be your right or due,
Yet all my silver I will give to you.
Such is my Honesty!
My silver I give freely, and it is true
I do bestow on you no paltry pelf,
But the whole of my eternal inner self.

Butterfly Weed

(*Asclepias*)

Red gold burns in the meadows
And burnishes the plain,
A fallen bit of the summer sun,
Butterfly-weed again!

They need no chart nor compass,
Where home port shines so bright;
'Tis an ample honey harvest,
Where thousands may alight.

We feel that toil is beauty
And the world is planned aright,
Since humble bread to the insect,
To man is a gorgeous sight!

Zea Japonica

Instead of the usual rustling green garments
adorning the maize,
This remarkable cousin of corn in wonderful
Roman sashes arrays.
As summer advances, it gathers and fashions
from the sun's warm rays
Bright furbelows like ribbons of rainbows
that delight and amaze.

Tuberous Begonias

Gorgeous, glossy-green, luxurious leaves
Surrounding abundant and super-brilliant sheaves
Of blossoms, enormously and flauntingly rude;
With a color code, garish and indescribably crude!
To estimate their value, there are no terms
that can be found,
For adjectives are either much too feeble
or too profound.
They seem not flowers, but monstrous blobs
of color that alarm,
Too wonderful to be comfortable, too stunning
for any hint of charm.
Near, they hurt my eyes and blind my senses,
like the God of day.
I like them best where shadows lie,
and several rods away!

Datura

*Angel's Trumpet — Thorn Apple — Devil's Trumpet —
Jimson Weed*

The Datura plant has a beautiful fragrant flower
but a poisonous disposition, indeed;
Depending on whether you choose the flower to deck your
bower,
or elect to feed on its deadly seed.
In the former case you might call it: "Sweet Angel's
Trumpet",
In the latter, if you should happen to survive: "Thorn
Apple, Devil's Trumpet or Jimson Weed!"



A GARDEN CORNER

Evening Primrose

(*Oenothera*)

That gentle little moth of golden pink,
 a dainty mite,
That effects the transformation of an evening primrose
 into a fairy bower,
And sleeps within while all the busy outer world
 is glaring light,
To those that understand, gives as much,
 or more, delight
Than can the modest Primrose flower.

Verbena

(*Vervain*)

Who can tell me why verbenas lazily lie
Close to the ground and crawl and sprawl about,
Yet are so very slow at budding out?
And why they do not even seem to try?
Why, when again and then again you have despaired
Of seeing flowers, and are totally unprepared,
Or not about; then, and only then, they deign
To fill their color clusters with a shout?

Red Hot Poker Flame Flower

(Tritoma)

I fain would gaze on a million tritomas
torching an African plain!
While that is an impossibility, I do enjoy much
one visible vivid aspiring flame
In Evelyn's garden. It gives the right touch
Of distinction in the midst of the confusion
of the autumnal color domain.

Eupatorium Perfoliatum

(Boneset)

I do not sing the Thoroughwort,
Because medicinal its graces.
I wish to praise its ways and blooms
As it feathers, foams and fumes
And so richly lights and looms
In wet and lowly places.

Kaulfussia

(Kaulfussia)

A dainty little annual that
emulates the aster
In color and in form, but grows
a great deal faster!

Bouncing Bet

(Saponaria)

She's here, she's there, she's everywhere!
For bouncing up she has a flair!
A gentle, joyous, romping lass,
Flaunting color over the grass!
She may be dainty as a dream,
Yet a million of her seem,
Drifting over field and dale,
Like argosies of flower-set-sail
To win the world with pink fanfare!
She's here, she's there, she's everywhere!
She drifts about and doesn't care!
She's here, she's there, she's everywhere!

Yucca

(Spanish-bayonet)

One should wear armor
to recklessly plunge through a cruel thicket
of Spanish-bayonet, as it grows in the South.
In New England, known as Yucca, it stands
distinctive and unique.
An acolyte might before its altar kneel,
and feel the healing of its grace,
As it lifts its noble candelabrum
for the rite of summer,
Filled with gentle yet persuasive
white and mystic light.

A Complaint

I'm feeding the deer, my darling,
With all the tid-bits I grow.
On the woodchuck, the deer, and the starling,
My bounty I freely bestow,
And I plant half my corn for the crow.
The bronzy and yellow sun-flowers,
So tall and sightly in row,
Be-leaved, beheaded, are first to go.
Now, where the fluffling white phloxes
Were perfecting, there is nothing to show.
Cosmos and lilies are nibbled,
And even the fruit laden trees,
And all the tall Michaelmas-daisies
Completely denuded of leaves.
The glorious, colorful zinnias
Are chewed and torn to a shred,
The marigolds pulled and bitten
Till the roots themselves are dead.
My treasures I've treated a-plenty
With deadly arsenate of lead;
But showers come in the night-time,
And the deer are out and fed,
Before the glorious sun and I
Awake and arise from bed.

Cosmos

Here is the fairy forest tall,
In green, lacy tracery swaying,
With sun and shadows playing,
And bright crowns over all!

Here is that leafy tangle green,
Like a filmy fountain made
Of soft sliverings of jade,
Through which bright stars are seen!

Here are the stars that ride
Wonderfully fair and free,
Rising from a green-grey sea
To the full crest of the tide!

Mountain Fleece

(Polygonum)

Mountain fleeces for the meadow,
Cloud lights for the plain!
The passing year has Mayed again!

Fall exuberance of beauty,
Belated harvest to the bee,
A flowering that's joy to me!

Michaelmas Daisies

(Asters)

The day of Saint Michael and the Angels we greet!
Nature's rent is all paid, its year is complete!
The Lord Mayor of Summer has taken his seat!
The wide countryside with profusion raises
Its warm autumn-tide of colorful praises
In purple and lavender Michaelmas daisies.

In purple and lavender and Michaelmas white,
Thrilling the waysides with dazzling delight,
Filling the meadows with eye-stars bright.
Then, let there be storming and darkness tomorrow,
We will the Michaelmas cheerfulness borrow;
Bounties of beauty to overcome sorrow.

Lavender

(Lavendula Vera)

Ways were simple and hearts were true
Where the old fashioned Lavender grew.
When Queen Victoria was in power
Sweet Lavender flourished in many a bower.

Our grandmothers loved it, and well they knew
It would sweeten their linen, bleached by the dew.
And sweeten each day of toil and strife,
As a perfect symbol of clean, strong life.

Sweet Lavender times are passed and gone,
Synthetic modes have since been born.
Can we never return to the Lavender days
Of simple and humble old-fashioned ways?

Chrysanthemums

In the land of the Mashpees,
Where the Moccasin-flowers balloon
Their Indian loyalty, every year in June,
The dusky Senegambians, an alien race,
Have furnished their doorways and their borders
Every Fall, with the filling grace
Of the feathered glories of Japan,
Chrysanthemums!

They are lustrous and profuse,
Flowering, with least excuse,
Into overflowing dark and light,
Crimson, tawny, gold and white
Chrysanthemums!

They make dooryards into bowers,
As they richly blossom white and gold!
An alien race of people and of flowers
Have taken the Indian land to have and hold!

A Triolet for November

Chrysanthemums today!
What joy tomorrow?
Life brings what it may:
Chrysanthemums today
Will brighten the dreary way,
And lighten its sorrow.
Chrysanthemums today!
What joy tomorrow?

Sea-Buckthorn

(Hippophae)

Spring green and grey
 with elf-brown hoods
On prickly stems: — to be precise
A well armed Puritan
 of the woods.
All summer long a strange device
It seems to bear, that's not a flower.
It cannot gain its paradise!
But the late summer
 brings an hour
When the Puritan of grey and green
Becomes an orange-
 berried bower!

Gillyflowers

(Stock)

I have spent a charming hour
With a bed of gillyflower.
The air was pure, the sunset bright,
And I could feel the frost of night
Creeping up from lowly places.
As I stood entranced, the faces
Of the flowers were full, awake, keen
With life, and a luminous sheen
Of loveliness, added to their power
Of fragrance, made it the hour,
The all-compelling hour of gillyflower!

Goldenrod

(*Solidago*)

On a landscape
Greyled or browned,
Nature strews her gold around!
Lo! the barren waste is crowned!
A pile of dust
Has sceptre found!

Fall Crocus

(*Colchicum*)

Something unique the season boasts
When Autumn Crocuses have their fling.
As they arise as pale as ghosts,
I hear them say unto their hosts; —
"While now of lavender we sing,
Where are our little leaves of spring
That grew in green and happy ring?"

Monkshood

(*Aconitum Autumnal*)

In a shady corner stands the Monkshood,
Hiding a mystery under its soft blue seal,
With outward beauty bestowed for all to feel,
Yet its inner charm it never can reveal
For fear of being misunderstood.

Some Day in November

The earth was white with frost last night,
All the tender blooms have felt the blight,
But the Sweet Alyssum borders yet are bright!

A few Chrysanthemums glow against the wall;
In grace, Arctotis droops but does not fall,
And the Chimney Bells are blooming straight and tall.

African Daisies blazon here and there,
And Snapdragons not too badly fare.
Here's a rose for my sweetheart to wear!

Though winter's near, we have no fear;
The frost is but a prophet or a seer
Renouncing this and promising a better year.

Witch Hazel

(Hamamelis)

When every leaf has fallen,
 and no bird remains to sing,
And the only surety is cold and snow;
Then the deep, rich yellow blossoms
Of the faithful Hamamelis glow
 their bright prophecy of spring.

OTHERWISE
*Of House Gardens and
Winter Window Plants*

Lobster-claw Cactus Crab-leaf Cactus
(Epiphyllum)

Our mothers and our grandmothers
And all our aunts and great-aunts
Had Lobster-leaves as treasures
Among their indoor plants.

Their husbands, fathers, brothers,
Brought them from Brazil,
Parasites of tropic trees
To New England's window sill.

There they grew and spread and bloomed,
And, when the gales of winter boomed,
Through the cold dark dreary hours
The Lobster-claws were bowers of flowers.

Wax Flower
(Hoya)

In the place of honor
 on my mother's winter window shelf,
Was a much trained Hoya
 trellised round and round itself.
Its foliage was a screen
 of luminous, yet unsubstantial green,
And when the whole plant was in bloom
 with honey-tipped pink clusters of waxy sheen,
Its beauty and its fragrance filled the room.

Genista

Who could resist a Genista
Flowering a showering of gold?
One of lifes' surprises arises,
As its beauties untold unfold.

Gloxinia

Gloxinia is in no wise a merely livable
and lovable creature,
For a certain elegant arrogance
is its principal feature;
It is as aristocratic and well-poised
as a traditional queen,
Blossoming a bounty of beauty,
lofty, cultured, serene.

Astilbe Japonica

Lured away from old Virginia,
Where it flourished fair and free,
And disciplined to ways of trade,
Now, by Northern winter not dismayed,
Its lovely, soft, white plume 'twill fling
To herald the oncoming spring.

Air-Plant (*Bryophyllum*)

A single leaf from Florida,
Pinned upon the wall,
Grew a dozen tiny plants
That now are broad and tall.
Hundreds, from notches in their leaves
Have rooted, nourished on the air,
Until I see their children's children
Flourishing everywhere!

Freesia Refracta Alba

Freesias remind us of altars to Aphrodite
In Grecian temples, now crumbling into dust.
In the classical lines and the neatness
Of their alabasterine blossoms, and the glory
Of their profuse and forceful sweetness,
Freesias revitalize that long ago dead story.

An Exhibit of Acacias (*Acacia Pubescens and Others*)

Beneath these foaming yellow flower festoons
Falling from fairy-foliaged fern-like trees,
I am transported to the unknown far off isles
Where the only music is a harmony of seven seas.

Zaushneria

You may search the plant catalogs
and the cyclopaedia,
You'll find no better house pet
than the Zaushneria.

Though it resembles the fuchsia,
it is somewhat superior,
With its bright crimson ear-drops,
this showy Zaushneria.

If you are snowed up in winter,
(and what could be drearier?)
No possession could be cheerier
than a pot of Zaushneria.

Calceolaria (*Slipperwort*)

When I see these curious blobs of color, spotted, white to
red,
I want to close my eyes
And dream of angel toadstools, polka-dotted, newly dead,
And poised in Paradise!



IN THE FALL

Achimenes

Deep violet horns of plenty,
Bent with their burden of beauty,
 Borne in modest queenliness to please;
This is the beginning and the fulfilling
Of the glory of the story
 Of the faithful flowering Achimenes.

Abutilon

(As by one born in China)

In China, the sweet pagoda bells are ringing,
The native nightingale is singing,
And the yellow abutilon is blooming
In the gardens, in the fields, everywhere is blooming.

They transported an abutilon to me
Across the arid lands, across the sea.
They could not bring the sweet bells' ringing
Nor the nightingale's soft singing.

Back to China I am some time surely going,
Where the gentle nightingale is softly singing,
And the silvery sweet pagoda bells are ringing
And the beautiful abutilon everywhere is growing.

OTHERWISE

Plant Curiosities

Ambun-Ambun or Rafflesia

Ambun-Ambun is one great wonder of the growing world,
It is not a plant, but a gigantic flower unfurled,
With waxy corolla of five petals, each a yard wide,
Holding, like a basin, six quarts of dew inside.

It bears huge pistils and stamens on separate blooms,
But each entire growth is a flower and flower life assumes,
With neither root, stalk, branch, twig nor leaves;
In Sumatra only it is known, and due homage there receives!

Zisyphus

(A Tropical Tree)

A jujube used to be a tart fruit from a tree
Candy-coated with a lot of fuss;
Now it has become a gummy sugar-plum
Minus the fruit of the Zisyphus.

The Zisyphus is now as ancient as a cow
Anon will be; for we have synthetic silk,
Near beer and tea, and it's very plain to see
We are well upon the way to synthetic milk!

Tile-Root

(Geissorhiza)

The Geissorhiza is certainly wiser
Than many a plant on my files,
Though not a miser, it's a good supervisor,
Protecting its roots with tiles.
With four puny leaves, it's a poor advertiser,
Yet, as it smiles, it beguiles
With its wonderful lilies, both tall and true,
Of pearl and canary and beautiful blue!

Fountain Plant

(Ferula)

I saw in a dream, an intriguing dream,
A fountain of green on the bank of a stream.
It seemed then I had seen an eloquent, serene,
Fine fountain of foliage with exquisite, clean
Perfections of form and shimmering sheen
That could only belong to a passing dream.
I think now, Ferula, that you
Are that vision come true!

Cruel-Plant

(Physianthus)

The vines of the cruel-plant luxuriously grow,
And many pure white fragrant flowers bestow,
Not unlike tuberoses. Yet, have a care,
Errant bee or lurking fly, there is a snare!
Do not for that petal-hidden sweetness try!
You will be trapped and held, and of hunger soon will die!

Euphorbia

Perhaps some of you have never felt the urge
To estimate the value of the family of Spurge.
It is one of the largest, most diversified,
Unusual in interest, — that cannot be denied.

Named Euphorbia, in classical tradition
By Pliny, in honor of King Juba's physician;
Containing trees, shrubs, herbs, cacti and weeds,
Well adapted to all localities and needs;
Yet, however varied in shape or size or power,
In family allied by the same type of flower.

The Christmas Poinsettia, well-known, I assume,
Is first cousin to the Mexican Scarlet Plume.
In this same branch is the Red Fire Fountain
And the much better known Snow-on-the-Mountain.

Among the many trees is the cruel Crown-of-Thorns
One displaying teeth, and another showing horns.
In this breed are spiny shrubs and wicked, weedy spines,
Ugly, crawling trees and upright, treely vines.
There are hosts of curious shapes among the shrubs,
Cups and cones and tubes and bells and clubs.

Some members have true beauty, and others have a flair
For the interesting, the curious and rare.
Among those of the herbaceous type and manner
Stands prominently Euphorbia Ipecacuana.

With some supplying useful drugs,
And others, Christmas beauty,
Some, material for boxes or for rugs,
Each scion of the family does its duty.

Euphorbia Meloformis may not at once attract us,
Since it behaves exactly like a cactus.

Then there is a wonderful Medusa Head,
Crowned first, not with hair, but with snakes inbred.

What I have now merely sketched in the rough
Is far from complete, yet I hope it is enough
To promote, at least, a momentary urge
To become more acquainted with the Family of Spurge.

Euphorbia Heterophylla

Mexican Fire Plant

Hypocrite Plant

Painted Leaf

Fire-on-the-Mountain

Annual Poinsettia

It is not even necessary to recount your glory,
Repeating your every title tells the whole story.

Three-Horned Acacia

(*Gleditschia*)

Over thirty years ago
I planted Three-horns in a row,
Sincerely hoping they would grow
Into a hedge of noble trees.
In thirty years I had no trees,
But shrubs with thorns, — such cruel thorns!

It was about ten years ago,
When I had proved no trees would grow,
Only shrub-high thorns, — such cruel thorns,
I changed about, and at once set out
To root and rout the Three-horns out.
So every fall I chop and burn,
Yet every spring the thorns return.
I dig them out with spade and axe,
More spines spring up; I furnish facts!
And whether I burn or chop or mow,
Each spring the thorns much stronger grow.
Such cruel thorns!
I wonder much and have my fears
About the next one hundred years.
Who will keep up, when I am gone,
The extermination of the thorn, the evil thorn?

I seem to see this place I own
With thickets of cruel thorn o'ergrown.
Of this same thorn that vexes me now
Was made the crown for Jesus' brow.

My dream of tall and beautiful trees
With drooping plumes of lacy leaves,
Gracefully fluttering in the breeze,
With dangling blooms entangling bees,
Giving gentle shade and pleasant ease;
Ends with a torrent of tormenting thorns,
Evergrowing, evil, terrorizing thorns;
Such cruel thorns!

Hackberry Nettle Tree Sugar Tree (*Celtis*)

At Creltholme, it is certainly astonishing to see
Myriads of hackberries on my hackberry tree.
I've never seen them growing or falling from the sky,
So I never have discovered their how or when or why!

Partridge Berry (*Mitchella Rubiaceae*)

I will tell no one where I have seen
Wide-spreading mats of *Mitchella*, aglow,
With rich spatters of scarlet on glossy green.
Only the partridges and I shall know
Just where these intriguing berries grow!

The Family of Artemisia

Artemisia Adrotanum

Southernwood Old Man

Our grandams, like Diana, were often in the mood
For handling and for smelling Southernwood,
Pungent, sour-sweet Southernwood!

Artemisia Dracunculus

Tarragon Estragon

Czar Peter the Great could carry on
If his salad was dressed with Tarragon,
Aromatic Siberian Tarragon!

Artemisia Absinthium

Wormwood

The ancients used and fully understood
The bitter warming tonic of the wormwood,
The absinthe giving and relieving Wormwood!

Artemisia Arbuscula

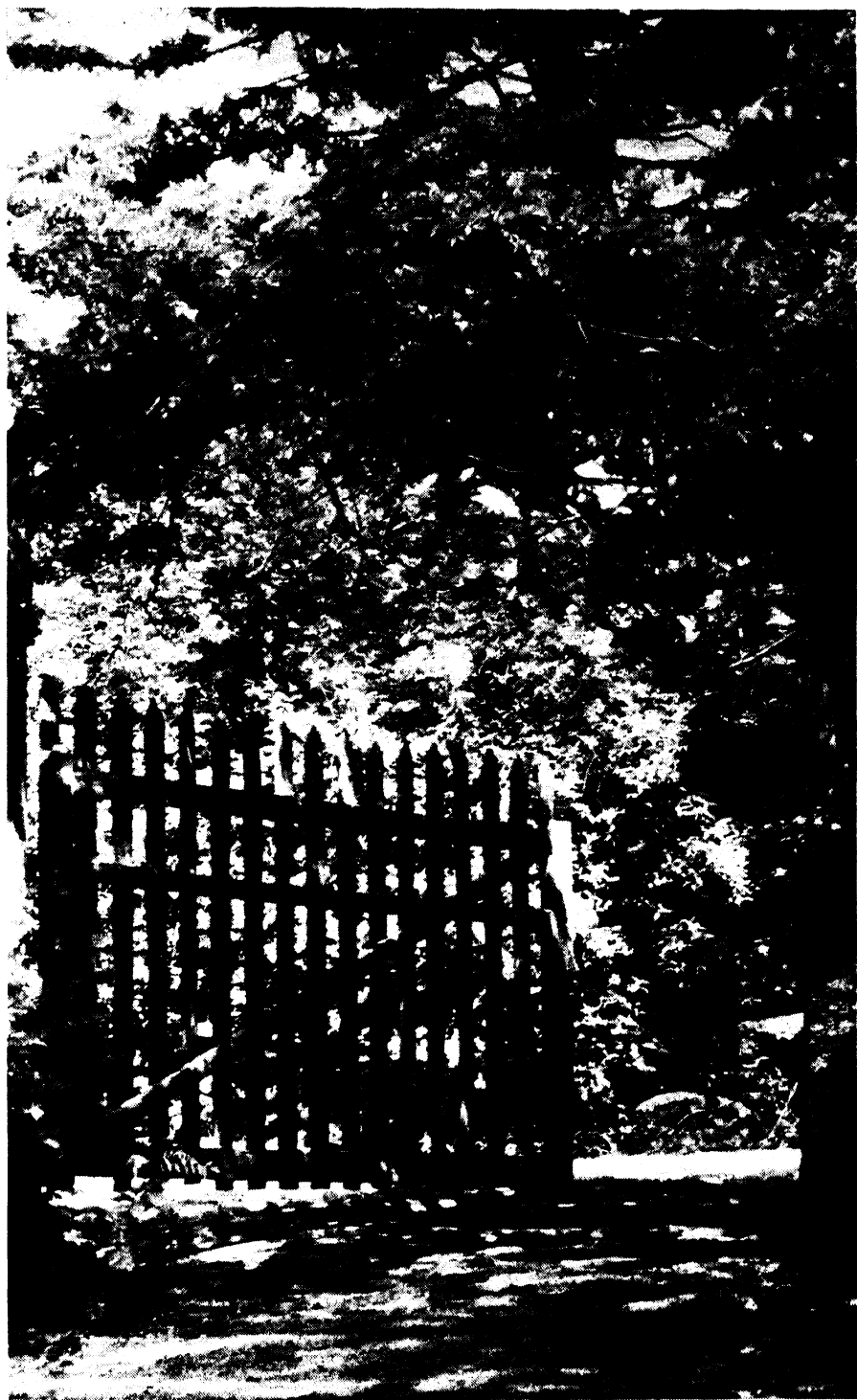
Sage Brush

Across the plains comes the crowd and rush
Of the unyielding, predatory Sage Brush,
Of the green-grey, arid-landed Sage Brush!

Artemisia Stelleriana

Bess Old Woman

The greatest star of all the tribe I bring
As an alluring and dainty offering, —
Pearly sprays of Artemisia Silver King!



THE GARDEN GATE

Herbals

(Plant Treatises Written from 1600 to 1800)

The present is so scientific in every open way,
We hardly realize the speculations of an older day.

Among the Herbals and Medicinals of two centuries ago,
One by Duret is explanatory of much we ought to know;
For his Vegetable Lamb is now unknown, and I am sure
His Barnacle Goose Tree, in this prosaic age, could not
endure.

The latter flourished near the water on the land,
And of its egg-shaped fruits, each one that fell on sand
Hatched into a bird, well-feathered, flying wild and free;
While all the eggs that touched the water were fishes of the
sea.

They had their marvels then, and we have ours to-day.
In our not so thrilling, more scientific way.

Our wise ones have done much to plant and flower and fruit;
Among them the story of the Goose Tree is not in good
repute.

They revel in Chrysanthemums as big as baby's head,
And they almost have persuaded the Pansy to be red.
Though they never quite could teach the Rose to blossom blue,
There are many still a-trying, and a few expecting to.

Yet in much, men of science are successful, so to-day
We have thornless gooseberries, and thornless thorns are on
the way.

Peas, that used to climb, are dwarfed down to the ground;
Potato seed, (this baffles them) is no more to be found.
Nuts are growing soft, and tomatoes growing hard,
While beans and cucumbers are measured by the yard.
Double flowers grow single, and single now grow double,
Though the same old insects are forever causing trouble,
For the scientific poison so carefully prepared,
By their science they avoid, and so their lives are spared.

If our wise ones fail to foil every bug and pest;
They help us to improve the soil and give the garden zest.
One finds a Shasta in a daisy and Abundance in a plum,
Another turns the Golden-rod into a rubber gum.
They give us raspberries and strawberries almost everbearing
And lettuces and cabbages that need not much preparing.
Beets are smaller, neater, and melons somewhat sweeter,
The sugar-cane is taller, the ear of corn is smaller,
Some citrus fruits are seedless, good cultivation weedless.

Yet all this scientism seems somehow stale and tame,
When we recall the Barnacle Goose Tree and its Herbal fame.

My Lady's Flowers

We will try to know my lady's heart
by her every flower,

So come at once with me apart
into my lady's bower.

Here rests my lady's cushion,
and her gloves,

Here lies my lady's mantle,
and the comb she loves.

I see my dainty lady's slippers,
and my lady's smock ;

Beside my darling's looking-glass,
is her four-o'clock.

Among her treasures are my lady's laces,
lying near her box ;

Beside her thread and needles,
and pretty ear-drops.

When my lady's fingers
touch my lady's hair,

Of those who see, all such lads-love
my lady's tresses fair.

True, she has lost her love-in-a-mist,
her fickle ragged-robin,

Yet, for pity of her bleeding heart,
is her Sweet-William sobbing.

Clematis Vitalba

Armeria Maritima

Digitalis Purpurea

Alchemilla Vulgaris

Scandix Pecten-veneris

Cypripedium

Cardamine Pratensis

Campanula Speculum

Mirabilis

Phalaris Arundinaceae

Buxus

Yucca Filamentosa

Fuchsia

Anthyllis

Briza

Artemisia Arbrotanum

Spiranthes

Nigella

Lychnis Flos-cuculi

Dielytra Spectabilis

Dianthus Barbatus

KITCHEN GARDEN WISE

A Kitchen Bouquet

I have gathered my garden of savors,
Dried them and stored them away,
Medicines, pungents and flavors
All for my kitchen bouquet.

Here is a pot of *basil*
and a box of *anise-seed*,
In this bottle are *bay-leaves*,
to season the lentils we need.
Borage for cucumber flavor,
Caraway-seed for cakes,
Burnet to serve soups a savor,
a sick one this *camomile* takes.
All cats and kittens this *catnip* lures,
Coriander goes into candy;
Arnica heals and sometimes cures
and *balm* is also handy.
Dill has its will with pickles,
and *fennel* adds to sauces,
Horehound often relieves the tickles,
while *hyssop* helps the horses.
Lavender is the old clean scent,
Lovage is the old time flavor,
Marjoram has a sweet intent,
but *mint* is the stomach saver!

Sticky *balm-of-Gilead* buds
to use with medicinal craft;
And the simple gatherers' *moonroot*
for the mind gone daft.
Fragrant *fir balsam* tips
for the pillowing of sleep;
Spring stripped *sassafras* bark
in a tonic one may steep.
Yes, soothe with *poppy* leaves
and cook with *poppy* seed;
Peony petals, (who knows for what?)
Hops for brewing mead.
Pennyroyal has many a use,
Rosemary brightens hair,
Rue is as bitter as jealous abuse,
Saffron best in foreign fare.
Sage, of all the savories queen,
is convincing, sure and wise,
Sorrel is a sour, tasty green,
in *wormwood*, the power of absinthe lies,
As *Tarragon* a salad dresses,
it seems untutored, of the ground,
Yet, if vinegar it blesses,
it's both elusive and profound.
We listen to each tempting voice
that calls alluringly: "Try me!"
Yet, at last, we take our choice
as individual taste may be.

The seasons come and time goes by
and seasonings are cured and dry.
There is a time for seasoning,
so *thyme* for seasoning let's try!

Borage

O Borage! Borage! Borage!
What will I do with you?
In Latin lands they cut you up
And put you in cucumber-cup,
But that of course would never do
In this arid land of brew.
O Borage! Borage! Borage!
What shall I do with you?
Your place is gone as useful herb,
Your weedy growth is hard to curb,
You are not beautiful nor bright,
And sometimes you're a frumpy fright,
Must I tolerate you till
Each errant bee has had its fill?
O Borage! Borage! Borage!
What can I do with you?

Brassica Oleraceae Acephalia

No spruce or other evergreen, no lawn
in all the world,
Can in any way compete or even meet
the green unfurled
By the garden kale, in the beauty hale
of its leaves encurled.
Its color is the neatest, the completest
and the deepest ever seen;
Eminent its cluster, elegant its luster,
eloquent its sheen;
It is the priestess and the princess
and the paragon of green!

Solanum et Papervaceae

At Creltholme

Something within me, beyond an inordinate longing
for starch,
Propelled me into planting together potatoes and poppies
in March!

In April and May they intermingling came up
and grew
A wonderful spreading foliage, green, tinted with bronze
and blue!

They burst into bloom in June, in a blaze of color
and light,
Acres of potatoes and poppies together, unique and
beautiful sight!

Zea

After the market place turmoil and bustle
 there's nothing so refreshing and free
As listening to myriads of corn leaves rustle
 from under the shade of a tree.

To rest in the quiet and build castles
 in air, of wonderful turret and spire,
In the land of the waving corn tassels
 to a music that never can tire—

Is a dream! And a dream with a promise of milk
 fresh in the sweet ear of corn,
Under a summery shimmer of silk,
 where the soft baby kernel is born!

Vetch (*Vicia*)

This is the Tare of Bible parable and story,
Classed with the warlike thistle as a useless marauder
By the ancients, who ignorantly destroyed its meed of glory.
It is, in truth, a benefactor of the highest order.
All the rich essences of the common air we breathe
Are converted by this vine into soil fertility.
From its abundance of purpling flowers, the bees retrieve
Honey. It is lavish of its beauty and of its utility.

Brassica Oleraceae Capita

O Cabbage, you, among the few, are truly great!
Your importance it is not possible to overrate!
Did not Lewis Carroll associate your name with kings?
And oftimes when you are beheaded, then a poet sings.

You have been often executed, no doubt against your will,
And housewives, cooks and chefs have shown their utmost
skill,

Yet, when your proud and round and noble head
Is cut or chopped or torn into a shred,
It does not matter if that makes or breaks the law,
So you come forth from death in pickle or in slaw,
Or arise sauerkrauted, or premeditatedly in the raw,
You are the chosen head of all your race!
And I should count it honor, not disgrace,
If I could often meet your rawness, face to face!

Radish

(Raphanus)

If you had seen it blossoming first
in dainty feather sprays,
You might not scorn it by the name
it commonly essays!

If you dislike the pungent ways
the radish oft assumes
In a dish; try in a vase
a bouquet of its plumes!

Cucurbiticeae Melopepo

In an exotic oriental way

 The squashes' glorious, golden flower
Opens in a flaring, impassioned display,
 For its brief but sentient hour!

Pluck it for a princess' jewelled crown,

 It will grace her brow above her eye!
Pluck all for princesses! Ah, now you frown!

 You wonder what will become of pumpkin pie!

Beta

Upon a pearly china plate

A slice of beet I contemplate.

Will I? No, I will not eat

Nature's greatest color feat.

It must remain to please the eye,

I must content myself with pie!

Unicorn Plant

(Martynia)

The Martynia is mallow-like

 And beautiful in flower,

Subsequent to the arrival

 Of its pod and pickle hour.

Okra Gumbo

(*Quimbombo*)

Soup!
There is a flower in my garden that is sure to grow —
Soup!
Delectable okra, you are hibiscus before you know —
Soup!
In the south the darkies sing as they hoe gumbo —
Soup!
And in Spain the dons acclaim quimbombo —
Soup!

Advice

When insects congregate,
Don't pick them one by one,
Purchase a tested insecticide
By the quarter of a ton.

Let your rock garden show mostly plants and vines
With peeping stones beneath,
Be wary of sticking rocks up in the air
Like gargantuan false teeth.

When you see delphinium or phlox,
In loveliness displayed,
With perfect blend of bud and bloom
And foliage arrayed,
Can you guess how many, many, many times
It has been sprayed?

Where Gyp Had Buried a Bone

Gyp was a neighbor's nondescript cur,
 (I never had one of my own;)
When anything wrong in the garden occurred,
 It was where Gyp had buried a bone.

I planted a treasure, a rare lily bulb,
 In a sheltered corner alone.
It came up too soon! Ah, there's the rub!
 It was where Gyp had buried a bone!

I sowed sweet-peas in a well-prepared
 Especially selected zone.
It was provoking how badly they fared,
 Because Gyp had buried a bone.

I set out a valuable exotic vine
 To give my veranda a tone,
When nothing appeared to clamber and twine,
 I knew Gyp had buried a bone!

I sowed some rare seeds from over the seas
 In a seed frame, but let out a moan
When I inspected it later, for, if you please,
 It was there Gyp had buried a bone!

The Everlasting Alphabet

Here are everlasting letters, one by one!
Learn which to cherish, which to shun.
Study each growth in all its ways
Before you choose your winter bouquets!

A ACROCLINIUM —

A slender, tender, daisy-like mite,
Single, double, dainty pink and white.

B BRIZA MAXIMA — *Quaking Grass*

Frailly poised and sensitive in all their parts,
Brizas are like tiny ever throbbing hearts.

C CELOSIA PLUMOSA — *Plume Cockscomb*

The vivid scarlet or crimson plumes and woolflowers
too,

Can be kept cheerfully colorful the winter through.

D DILL — *Anethum Graveolens*

Brought from Spain to English gardens
three hundred years ago,
Of its enduring aromatic seasoning
we moderns little know.

E EULALIA JAPONICA VARIEGATA

This noble grass has graceful, tall, feathery blooms
Which, when dried, make right royal decorative plumes.

F FESTUCA GLAUCA

Gathered from the waterside and dried,
What could surpass this beautiful, but humble, grass?

G GLOBE AMARANTH — *Gomphrena*

This is the poetic Amaranth,
the classical emblem of immortality,
Mentioned in Homer as worn by the Thessalians
at the funeral of Achilles.

H HELICHRYSUM

Called straw-flowers by those who cannot properly
pronounce what they may be able to grow,
Helichrysums are of many cheerful shades, large
and showy, with a kind of varnished glow.

I ILEX — *Holly*

After years of thinking the Christmas spirit
demanded the denuding of the Holly Tree,
At last the symbolism is better understood, for we see
That picking Holly is a vicious kind of folly,
It so soon gets dusty dry and melancholy,
For it is only beautifully everlasting
in its native wood.

J JOB'S TEARS — *Coix Lachrymae*

Theophrastus gave the name to these little
highly-colored seeds,
And for ages mothers made the teething child
wear them as a string of beads.

K KING, SILVER KING — *Artemisia*

In summer, a shimmering display
of soft and misty gray;
In winter, a white and silver spray
for a lasting bouquet.

L LUNARIA — *Moonwort* — *Honesty*

After the plant is gone, the flowers dead,
and seeds all blown away,
The oval pearly pouches mirror beauty
a century and a day.

M MITCHELLA — *Partridge Berry*

This little trailing evergreen,
with its charming scarlet berry,
Will only prove an everlasting
when you the burden carry
Of caring for it with a perpetual
knack of knowing
How to keep it properly contented
and ever growing.

N NEPETA — *Catmint*

This will grace your perennial borders
If you can ward off feline marauders.
You may employ it in your winter bouquet
If you are sure the cat has gone away.



OVER THE ROCKS

- O OCIMUM — *Basil*
 In ancient India, its dried flowers and leaves
 Dressed the sacrifice. The Greeks tied it into sheaves,
 And placed it at the lintel, arriving guests to please.
- P PHYSALIS FRANCHETTI — *Chinese Lantern Plant*
 Like a Mandarin of high degree
 reigns this orange-robed scarlet berry;
 Cousin to the humble strawberry-tomato
 or edible ground-cherry.
- Q QUERCUS — *Oak Leaves*
 Selected carefully, pressed and arranged
 to prolong the autumn show,
 These were favorite winter decorations
 not so many years ago.
- R RHODANTHE MANGLESI
 Captain Mangles introduced them from Australia
 in eighteen thirty two.
 They bloom in dainty pink and white, and though dry,
 seem ever bright and new.
- S STATICE — *Marsh Rosemary* — *Sea Thrift* — *Sea Lavender*
 Wild, it grows along the marshes by the sea,
 and we gathered it in great profusion
 every Fall.
 Now we cultivate the annual, which proves to be
 a winter joy of larger, brighter sprays,
 if not so tall.
- T THISTLE, THIMBLE — *Eryngium Amethystinum*
 This lovely lavender thimble thistle
 is charming in its blooming,
 Preserve it, that you may still enjoy its beauty
 when winter winds are booming.
- U UNIOLA LATIFOLIA — *Spike Grass*
 If you like a spike
 in a composite display,
 It will not be amiss
 for you to try this.

- V VERA LAVENDULA — *True Lavender*
 At other times and in other places
 I have sung its praises.
 Yet, every year, as flowers appear,
 each a new joy raises.
- W WINGED EVERLASTING — *Ammobium Alatum*
 From New Holland it flew on its silvery
 white wings;
 In its soft yellow heart a message
 it brings,
 That is fair and fresh and full of
 good cheer,
 That shall surely endure for many
 a year.
- X XERANTHEMUM — *Immortelle*
 In Southern Europe and the Levant
 for full two hundred years,
 These flowers have signified a hope
 beyond this vale of tears.
- Y YARROW — *Achillea Tomentosa*
 The yellow yarrow is an old time simple
 with a very pungent smell,
 It was hung from beams in colonial homes
 as a sort of magic spell.
- Z ZEBRA GRASS — *Eulalia Zebrina*
 In the leaves of this, one of the paradoxes
 of nature is seen,
 For it is the only plant known that grows
 white *across* the green.
 Both grass and plume can be preserved
 to show their beauty,
 So for winter decoration Zebrina
 does double duty.

& & on my recommendation

I hope no one will take the whole Alphabet
For winter decoration.

To those with H always supplied,
I'm sure that A and X would please,
And beg that B, R, T, be tried.

There is a new soft orange G,
One ought to have L, K, and C,
And surely some of S, V, P.

Roses I Have Known

Old Time Favorites

Crested Moss 1827

This was the wonder of the world a hundred years ago.
Now as beautiful a bud as an open fragrant flower
When each June these charming roses in my garden grow,
As in the days when Dolly Madison had them in her
bower.

Mme. Plantier 1835

How many sweet girl graduates of long ago
Held these fragrant clusters, white as snow!
How many fair young brides and tired old mothers
Cherished these and loved them more than all the others!

General Jacqueminot 1852

Faithful dear old crimson rose,
From your depths, as you uncloze, rises richness to the
light.
Fading, ere the day is dead;
Yet the glory that is sped, with each bud is born as bright.

Prince Camille de Rohan 1861

For dark, deep beauty, and deeper fragrance, it never lacks,
This fine old favorite is still the king of blacks.

La France 1867

Very charming were its blooms of silver pink, and, I think,
Roses now make no advance beyond the fragrance of La
France.

Baroness Rothschild 1867

If one could attain the utmost satisfaction without a nose,
This magnificent effusion of pink would be the perfect
rose.

Paul Neyron 1869

Not perfect in form or color, but fragrant, and a lover
knows

Not to expect every quality in the very biggest rose.

American Beauty 1875

For many years the favorite of debutantes,
Also of their sisters, their cousins and their aunts.
If trying in color, most superb in size,
With a fragrance to delight and to surprise.

Frau Karl Druschki 1900

This perpetually blooming, fine form white,
From June to December, gives with all its might.

Rose Vines I Have Known

Gardenia 1899

How these buff buds a trellis or a bank adorn,
Bright as the evening light, fragrant as the morn.
One bud alone brings the acme of pleasure,
Thousands, gleaming in the grass, entrance beyond
measure.

Universal Favorite 1899

The double rose of bowers and lover's greeting,
Of sentimental hours and the secret meeting.
The flower with the essence of the summer night,
Aiding the completeness of young heart's delight.
Old-fashioned as the balcony and Juliet,
Old-fashioned with a beauty one can not forget.

Lady Gay 1899

Once a year, a fairy passing in the night
Leaves behind a work surpassing human might!
Beauties by the thousand, glowing softly bright;
Purity and grace bestowing on the sight!
May be ramblers worth the knowing, dark or light,
Gives no other rose a-growing more delight!

Evangeline 1904

In every way it grows
Trailing, climbing, spreading,
Hedged in massive rows,
It gives in great profusion its wild-rose-pink effusion.
And more bountifully than any other rose
A deep, sweet, honey fragrance it bestows.

Silver Moon 1910

Cover the wall, silver moon, with your white
Multiple beautiful boon borrowed from night!
Fill the sultry summer noon with cool delight!

Paul's Scarlet Climber 1916

Unique in color, bright, unfading, no description will
suffice.
It burns into the memory, and in winter, if I close my eyes,
I feel it living, color giving, beyond the leaden skies.

Last but Not Least

Cecile Brunner (Sweetheart) 1881

Delicate, tiny, pink-tinted beauty buds,
Opening to rose and cream, my dainty dears!
You are young and fair and wonderful to-day,
Though you have been my sweetheart fifty years!

Envoi

I love other garden folk as well as these,
And fain would write in praise of ferns and trees,
And tell of intimacies with birds and bees.

There have been deer tracks on the sand or snow,
And prints of other visitors that come and go,
Of many welcome, of a few I do not care to know.

I would calendar the birds numbered among my friends,
And tabulate each bloom that nature recommends;
This, like all other garden work, begins but never ends.

So, instead of scribbling more, I must, for my own sake,
And perhaps for others, too, a better garden make,
And dig and plant and cultivate and rake.

My friends, I hope as years go on, you each will find
Along the straight, sure ways of life, or those that wind
The garden that completely suits your mind.

And — The Gardener

How to make a garden grow
Without the gardener, I'd like to know?
Scratching, raking, day and night,
Ever on hand to keep things right!

Ever plowing and planting seeds,
Watering, digging, pulling weeds,
Spading here and spraying there,
Tending all with loving care!

Every tool of every kind!
Bugs and woodchucks ever in mind!
Rows so straight, beds so clean,
Except for deer tracks, often seen!

Not flying around as when he was young,
But still for gardens, his praise is sung!
How, without the gardener, I'd like to know,
Could ever you make a garden grow?

Florence Hathaway Crowell

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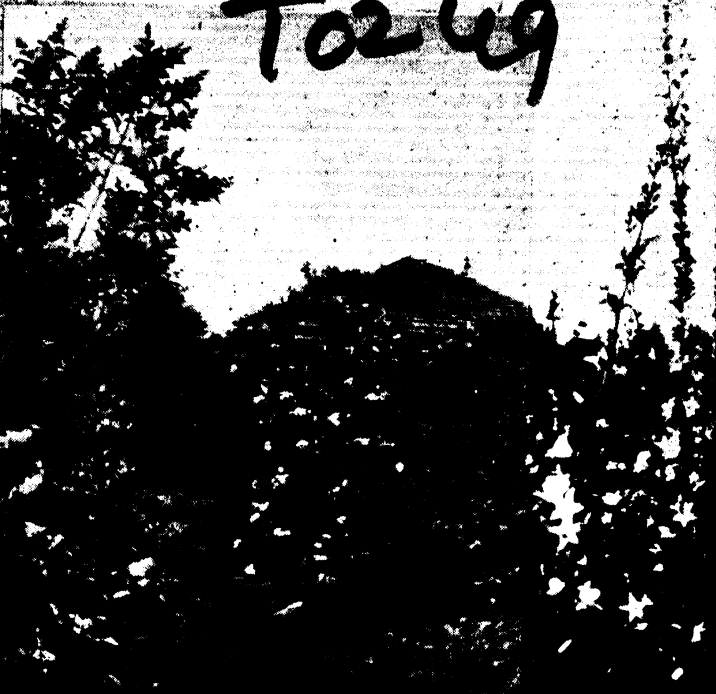
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